SEP 15 1930

# THE VIRGINIA QVARTERLY REVIEW

OCTOBER 1930


Shall Slavery Come South? . . . . . Stringfellow Barr
Employers Front! . . . . . Broadus Mitchell
W. H. Hudson . . . . . Morley Roberts
Fiction . . . . . Margaret Prescott Montague
Since Versailles . . . . . William Martin
Poetry . . . . . John Bryan, Robert P. Tristram Coffin
DuBose Heyward . . . . . Emily Clark
From a Tahkian Commonplace Book . . . James Norman Hall
The Salmon Sheet of Behaviorism . . . . Bertram D. Wolfe
Thirty Years From Now . . . . . Bertrand Russell
Discussions of New Books . . . . . Frederick P. Mayer, Clarence E. Cason, Archibald Henderson, Charles Frederick Harold, Carroll Mason Sparrow, Dexter Perkins, Edward Wagenknecht, James Southall Wilson, Lambert Davis
The Green-Room



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## A NATIONAL JOURNAL OF DISCUSSION

Edited by JAMES SOUTHALL WILSON

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## THE GREEN-ROOM

*"Here's a marvellous convenient place for our rehearsal"*

STRINGFELLOW BARR, author of "Shall Slavery Come South?" becomes Editor of the Virginia Quarterly Review on October first. MR. BARR was for two years Managing Editor of the Quarterly and since his retirement from that position he has been, as Associate Editor, intimately connected with all the activities of the magazine. He is by birth a Virginian. He went, after graduation from the University of Virginia, as a Rhodes Scholar to Balliol College and has received two degrees from Oxford University. He is professor of history in the University of Virginia.

The Virginia Quarterly has earlier printed several articles discussing the industrialization of the Southern States and problems arising under the revolutionary conditions which are the result. "Shall Slavery Come South?" presents the views of a young Southerner who is sympathetic with the older traditions of the South but who believes that the proper attitude toward the industrial situation is sympathetic coöperation and control. In "Employers Front!" on the other hand, MR. MITCHELL addresses himself to the industrial leaders themselves. BROADUS MITCHELL, economist of the Johns Hopkins University, is the author of "William Gregg: Factory Master of the Old South" and other economic studies. Several of his articles on present industrial conditions in the South have appeared in the Virginia Quarterly.

The article on W. H. Hudson, whose position as one of the modern masters of English prose grows surer each year since his death, is by his intimate friend and biographer, MORLEY ROBERTS. The article was written at the special request of the Virginia Quarterly. MORLEY ROBERTS, in addition to his biography of Hudson, has written widely on other subjects. The present article is the intimate record of an interesting human relationship.

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## THE GREEN-ROOM

(*Continued from page* IV)

Among the books of MARGARET PRESCOTT MONTAGUE, "Up Eel River," "Deep Channel," and "Uncle Sam of Freedom Ridge" are representative. She has written novels, short stories, essays, and poetry. Readers familiar with her writings through either the magazines or her books will recognize old friends in "Fiction," her imaginative paper on how stories are born. MISS MONTAGUE, though of New England stock, divides her time between her country home near the White Sulphur Springs in West Virginia, and Richmond, where she spends her winters.

WILLIAM MARTIN'S article, "Was the War Useless?" in the January issue of the Virginia Quarterly, led to the writing of the present paper in which he traces the influence of the United States in the determination of the policies and character of the League of Nations. "Since Versailles" makes it clear that this country is the controlling factor in European affairs, whatever its position may be in or out of the League. WILLIAM MARTIN is editor of the *Journal de Genève* and a frequent contributor to American publications.

JOHN BRYAN, whose verse has been published in the Quarterly before, has been acting with the Fritz Leiber Company in New York and Chicago. ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN, whose prose essays are familiar to all readers of the Virginia Quarterly, appears for the first time among the poets.

Articles by EMILY CLARK on Ellen Glasgow and on James Branch Cabell have appeared before in the Virginia Quarterly. EMILY CLARK was the editor of The Reviewer when it was published in Richmond, Virginia. Her article on DuBose Heyward will form part of a book which will tell the literary adventures of The Reviewer and its editor.

Tahiti in the South Pacific is an island that seems to exist more in literature than in its "six hundred square miles."

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## The Green-Room

(*Continued from page* VI)

No modern writer has more thoroughly identified himself with the island than James Norman Hall. "From a Tahitian Commonplace Book" was sent to the Virginia Quarterly just before Mr. Hall's recent return for a visit to the United States, when perhaps he regretted the loss of his watch.

The author of "The Balance Sheet of Behaviorism" has written chiefly on economics, politics, and sociology, and now lives in New York. Bertram Wolfe is at present writing a book on various aspects of American thought, including Behaviorism, Puritanism, Pragmatism, New England Transcendentalism, and other ideological developments peculiar to America.

Last winter Bertrand Russell visited the United States again and travelled extensively. He had ample opportunity to observe freshly situations of which he knew already. As a keen observer and fearless thinker, Mr. Russell can arouse the interest even of people who do not at all share his views. In his comparison of the British labor party and the American "radical" he attempts to forecast developments in the United States.

Through his many contributions to the Virginia Quarterly for the past six years, Frederick P. Mayer of the University of Pittsburgh is well known to its readers. Clarence E. Cason has written for this quarterly before on William Ellery Leonard and on industrialism in Alabama. The most recent of Archibald Henderson's many books, "Contemporary Immortals," has just been published. He is a member of the faculty of the University of North Carolina and an assiduous student of American history. Charles Frederick Harrold, who reviews the recent symposium critique of humanism, is a member of the English faculty at Michigan State Normal College and has contributed to a number of periodicals. As one of the editors of the Virginia Quarterly

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THE GREEN-ROOM

(*Continued from page* VIII)

and a frequent contributor CARROLL MASON SPARROW is familiar to its readers. DEXTER PERKINS is a member of the history faculty of Harvard University. EDWARD WAGENKNECHT of the University of Washington is the author of many books, including his recent "Charles Dickens the Man." With this issue, completing the sixth volume, JAMES SOUTHALL WILSON retires as the first Editor of The Virginia Quarterly Review. He will continue his association with the magazine as one of the advisory editors. The reviewer of the war books in this number, LAMBERT DAVIS, will remain as Managing Editor. He has held that position ever since it was relinquished by Stringfellow Barr, who now becomes the Editor.

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# THE VIRGINIA QUARTERLY REVIEW

*Edited by* JAMES SOUTHALL WILSON

*Advisory Editors*

EDWIN A. ALDERMAN — JOHN CALVIN METCALF
F. STRINGFELLOW BARR — CARROLL M. SPARROW

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# PETER QUINCE HAS HIS DREAM

*"If we offend, it is with our good will"*—Peter Quince

THE fall always gives me a good excuse to do what I like more than anything else to do—talk about books I haven't yet read. With a whole publishing season before me, and only publishers' announcements and rumors to go by, I can dream my own dreams, and even naïvely believe that the second novel by the author of a popular first novel will be just as good. Of course, I have my disappointments—later; but my sanguine nature usually permits me to dismiss them. Already, for instance, I've been disappointed in *Rosamund Lehmann's* "A Note in Music" (Holt. $2.50), which seems to me a great comedown from her "Dusty Answer" (Holt. $2.50). It's the rather tiresome story of an aged woman of thirty-five or so, written, apparently, to show how dull life can be. If so, it succeeds too well in its purpose. But then, *A. J. Villiers* has made a second offering as good as his first: "By Way of Cape Horn" (Holt. $2.50) is a narrative of the sea that can stand with the best; and added to his earlier "Falmouth for Orders" (Holt. $2.50), it makes *Villiers* a sea writer to be depended on. But to get on to the more interesting books that I haven't read. . . . Here's a list of new fiction that ought to ameliorate stock market depression: *Somerset Maugham's* "Cakes and Ale" (Doubleday, Doran. $2.00), *Lion Feuchtwanger's* "Success" (Viking. 2 vol. $5.00), *Sheila Kaye-Smith's* "Shepherds in Sackcloth" (Harper. $2.50), *Dorothy Canfield's* "The Deepening Stream" (Harcourt. $2.00), *Arnold Bennett's* "Imperial Palace" (Doubleday, Doran. $2.00—but not until November), *J. B. Priestley's* "Angel Pavement" (Harper. $3.00), *V. Sackville-West's* "The Edwardian's" (Doubleday, Doran. $2.50), *R. H. Mottram's* "A Rich Man's Daughter" (Harper. $2.50), *W. R. Burnett's* "Saint Johnson" (Dial. $2.00), *Margaret Kennedy's* "The Fool of the Family"

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(Doubleday, Doran. $2.00), and *Louis Bromfield's* "Twenty-Four Hours" (Stokes. $2.50). This last I've read, and if it's a sample of the others this will be a good list. *Bromfield* takes a day out of the lives of a group of variously related New Yorkers, the group including society lights, financiers, a night club singer, and a gangster or two; and the result is an unusual study of unusual people as well as an exciting story. . . . Incidentally, it will be interesting to see if *Burnett's* "Saint Johnson" gets a book club nomination. If so, it will make a record of three straight for him. This time he has forsaken the contemporary scene for a story of Arizona in the woolly days of fifty years ago. It's good to see that a number of these titles can be bought for $2.00; that ought to be some encouragement to those who are nursing pocket-books. Whatever the dollar book racket comes to eventually (and it has already resulted in a number of entertaining books), we can thank it for good novels at $2.00 a head!

New Southern writers and Southern novels are coming to the fore this fall. *Roy Flannagan's* "The Whipping" (Cape & Smith. $2.00) I have read, and can recommend it to those who like their fiction hot and strong: others beware! It's about night riders in the Bible Belt. Those who like it would also like *Gilmore Millen's* saga of a Negro Don Juan, "Sweet Man" (Viking. $2.50)—*Mr. Millen* is also a Southerner. Two highly-touted novels of the white South are *William Fitzgerald, Jr.'s* "Gentlemen All" (Longmans. $2.00) and *Francis Griswold's* "The Tides of Malvern" (Morrow. $2.50)—the latter is one of those generation novels covering a century or so on a South Carolina plantation. *Gerald Johnson,* who is already well known as a Southern critic of the South and biographer of the Southern great, is turning to fiction in "By Reason of Strength" (Minton, Balch. $2.00). *Fiswoode Tarleton,* whose "Bloody Ground"

*(Continued in advertising section at the back.)*

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THE VIRGINIA QUARTERLY REVIEW

VOL. 6 OCTOBER 1930 No. 4

# SHALL SLAVERY COME SOUTH?

BY STRINGFELLOW BARR

## I

THE ex-Confederacy has embarked on the Industrial Revolution. That is the outstanding economic fact that underlies and conditions all the current talk about a New South. Since the South, New and Old alike, has a stronger feeling for tradition and social hierarchy than any other portion of the United States, it is worth asking whether those Southerners who value their traditions propose to guide, combat, or ignore the Revolution which is in process. I refrain from labeling this class of Southerners because I can think of no label that fits. They are chiefly the descendants of the Southern ruling class; but that class was expropriated and reconstructed out of its political leadership pretty thoroughly and no class has ever really taken its place. I prefer not to call them the intellectuals; the intellectual of an industrial plutocracy has had no analogue in the South. They can scarcely be called the upper class in a

social sense; for though they were able to freeze out the carpetbagger pretty satisfactorily, the World War profiteer has flourished in their midst like a green bay tree and the less romantic members of the old guard admit that the dollar standard has outposts from one end of the South to the other. In short, they have lost or have had curtailed their leadership in the political, economic, and social sphere; and yet they remain the principal custodians of a tradition which they at least consider valuable. For brevity's sake, let us call them the traditionalists. The term is of course an incriminating one in a nation more willing to purchase the past than to comprehend it. Your Southern traditionalist is less given to collecting antiques than to citing precedents. He is historically minded and therefore sceptical of revolution, industrial or otherwise.

A little talk with the traditionalists in any Southern town will illustrate the prevalence of this scepticism. Fundamentally distrusting industrialism as the worship of foreign gods, they face the onslaught of the local Chamber of Commerce and its appeal to outside industries to make their home with us, with a feeling of resigned despair. Hauled into the Union by the collar after Appomattox, flogged into loving loyalty to the flag through Reconstruction, the traditionalists have accustomed themselves to the humorous pessimism that characterizes so many Southerners of an elder generation. In the political sphere they have had to habituate themselves to legal fiction and subterfuge. When the nation was faced with the necessity of "handling" the Eighteenth Amendment, the traditionalists had the advantage over their late enemies on the battlefield: they had already had practice in handling Constitutional Amendments. In short, in recent decades, unable to assert their antebellum leadership, they have been chiefly engaged in adapting themselves to the American plan, salvaging those things they valued wherever they were able. Perhaps adaptation must always be the chief preoccupation of a defeated people.

But as far as the traditionalists can see, the factory is going to be harder to handle than a Constitutional Amendment. And yet it is obvious to those among them who understand the economic processes about them that even were the South as a whole willing and able to preserve its basically agricultural tradition, it must thereby remain in economic vassalage, a vassalage which would grow severer with each passing year. As the traditionalists see it, the South's dilemma today is therefore either to accept industrialization and lose its soul or reject it and remain in helotry. Opposed to both soullessness and helotry, the traditionalists are now engaged primarily in lamenting the dilemma.

A few of them, to escape the dilemma, have boldly advocated helotry, though they do not call it that. It is evident that in competition with Western agriculture, a purely agricultural South must see its relative purchasing power steadily diminish. It is true that climate gives the South the advantage in certain crops, but it is doubtful if these crops alone, unsupplemented by those the West can raise more cheaply than the South, would ever give the Southern States a healthy economic basis. And it must be remembered that the Southerner will not be content merely to eat; he wants and will want his share of the radios, cars, and frigidaires which are considered part of the American citizen's rightful heritage. His problem is to produce something that he can exchange for these ordinary furnishings of American life. If his desire for such furnishings means that his helotry will be purely psychological, there is nevertheless nothing in his history to suggest that he will relish it. Therefore there is no use appealing to the Southern people to reject industrialism in a spirit of Gandhian asceticism.

Perhaps such a program would not work anywhere west of Suez; least of all would it work in the South. The Southerner as a type has not an ascetic hair in his head. He

turned to agriculture before the Civil War, not because he willingly forewent the higher profits of industrialism, but because the higher profits were in selling cotton, tobacco, rice, and cane to a world market. He lived a large and spacious life of ease and lives it now whenever he can find the ready money. If he lacks the Puritan reverence for money, he is not lacking in enjoyment of it when it can be secured without reverence. He was by no means always the slovenly planter of popular legend, nor was he above studying efficiency methods in the picking of cotton. He turned to factory production long before the Civil War, and turned away from it because he could make more by exchanging his raw cotton for English manufactured goods. Even so, had the Union armies not destroyed his mills on a large scale during the invasion of 1861-65, he would never have acquired his present reputation for anti-industrialism. Once more, the Southern traditionalist will waste his breath by apotheosizing the hoe. The same thing that made the South turn to agriculture before the Civil War is making it turn to industry today: its desire to make a living, and a good one, whether with a hoe or a dynamo.

## II

But it will be my contention in this paper that the dilemma of soullessness or helotry is imaginary anyhow, and can be resolved if the traditionalists really care enough about the culture of the older South to discover a method for adapting it to the demands of an industrializing society. But the price of such adaptation is thought, not sentimentalizing. The traditionalists have, I think, confused the machine technique with the lack of social purpose which machine technique has generally implied. That machine technique always has the same purpose is absurd: there are fundamental differences between the "effects of industrialism" in Massachusetts and Russia, for example. The traditionalists know that the mere use of wheelbarrows, hoes, and mattocks does not dictate the social system of

those using them. A hoe may furnish the basis for a régime of small peasant proprietors like the French, a squirearchy like that of eighteenth century England, or a plantation system based on slave labor. The social implications of machine industry have differed just as widely. After all, both a dynamo and a hoe are tools, to be used or worshipped according to the discretion of the owner.

I suspect that if the Old South had a soul, that soul consisted in a mature sense of social responsibility. I am aware that the post-bellum abolitionist would accept this definition only with a grimace. To him the slave system spells exploitation and for some reason exploitation is supposed to mean irresponsibility. But if he will take his attention from the legal status of the slave and the free factory hand and fasten it on the attitude of the "master" in each case, he may get a different picture. The plantation master could not afford to let a thousand-dollar slave starve. The factory master can afford to let his slave starve whenever there is the reasonable assurance of more "free" labor for the next boom. It was widely accepted social theory in the slave South that the aged and therefore unproductive slave must be cared for. New York State has been struggling this year with insurance for aged industrial slaves. In short, the doctrine of legal equality has been not only a noble concept; it has been the rationalization of a capitalistic society living on a hire-and-fire economic basis, a profitable but irresponsible basis to live on.

It is against that irresponsibility, I suspect, that the Southern traditionalist is revolting when he hears that a new factory is coming to town. The best tradition he has is the agricultural one that economic power, coupled with irresponsibility to the worker and the community at large, is immoral. But by pouting in the corner, as he is now doing, he will not keep the factory out—not if the local Chamber of Commerce knows it. He will merely antagonize its manager and deprive him of collaboration. For to do the

traditionalist justice, while his pouting is a mere nuisance, his collaboration would be valuable.

I call the tradition of social responsibility agricultural only because it has proved easier to achieve under the less complex conditions of agriculture than in machine production. If the really valuable part of the Southern tradition is not only social responsibility, but is also essentially the emanation of a hoe, then the traditionalist is justified in the impotent pouting which I am here attacking. But what the traditionalist overlooks is the fact that it is the worship of machinery, not its use, that made the English Industrial Revolution the horror of modern history.

But just how much of a horror was it? I doubt if the Southern traditionalists, historical-mindedness and all, could commonly give even a fair picture of what steam-driven machinery did to the English people. The historian could tell them a sorry tale of tiny children from four years up working as much as eighteen hours a day under the lash, falling into their own machines from fatigue, seeking escape through suicide; of little parish paupers sent off in droves like cattle by public authorities only too glad to be rid of them, condemned to work under killing conditions either at nominal wages or frequently enough at no wage but their keep. This was the heyday of laissez-faire economics and freedom of contract. The employer was free to flog his child labor; the community was free to turn the children over to him, thereby evading the expense of supporting public charges; and the children even had the farcical freedom of accepting the arrangement. For instance, they would be told that at the factory they would become ladies and gentlemen, eat roast beef and plum pudding, ride their master's horses, carry silver watches, and have cash in their pockets. In those good old days questions of hours were easily settled: workers were not allowed to possess timepieces; the master decided when it was time to quit. There were some restrictions on the right of free contract, of

course, but not many: parishes occasionally stipulated that with every twenty children in good condition, the manufacturer should accept one idiot child. And to crown all, when unregulated machine production inevitably created unemployment, and the workers began to smash machines, Parliament decreed that a man must pay for a machine with his life. It was against this law that Byron made his maiden speech in the Lords, but he was unsuccessful. It is easy to understand why British slave-owners from the West Indies were horrified by the English factories they visited. And though England put a stop to their worst features a century ago, she can never blot them from her history. In Cobbett's bitter words, England's manufacturing supremacy rested on the backs of thirty thousand little girls.

New England went through similar experiences. Is it any wonder that the Southerner's folklore pictures industrialism as a thing compact of horror and squalor and ugliness? As with the antebellum New England abolitionist his condemnation is all the more bitter because he is fundamentally unfamiliar with the recent history of the system he dreads and hates. And although the scenes I have described could not be re-enacted widely either here or in England, events in North Carolina and Tennessee have been painfully reminiscent of the brutal class struggle that has elsewhere attended the irresponsible wealth-getting of the factory owner. What the Southern traditionalist will not recognize is that all this horror has derived not from the intelligent use of more powerful tools but from their gross misuse. He is right in his Jeffersonian intuition that industrialism produces more dangerous social problems than agriculture does; but he is unaware of Jefferson's later conclusion that industry must be tamed and put to decent uses. He is right in assuming that industry is already wrecking the social fabric of the South; but he is wrong in not recognizing that it lies in his own power, not to eject industry indeed, but to regulate its application.

## III

That application is his imperative obligation if he ever intends to reassert his leadership or salvage the South that he pretends to love. To the observer in the contemporary South there are pretty obviously two groups in whose power Southern destinies lie. One is the group we have been discussing: traditionalists to their friends, Neo-Confederates to their enemies. The other is that of the progressive industrialists. Let us avoid the naïveté of insinuating that the groups are mutually exclusive. But their interaction is at present more fancied than real. Traditionalists who buy shares in new industries or sell real estate for factory sites take out their misgivings in talk while enlarging their bank accounts. Progressive industrialists who value tradition value it chiefly because it furnishes historical shrines for tourist customers. I am discussing here the traditionalists who are still unentangled and the progressive industrialists who are still unenlightened, and there are a good many of both sorts in positions of influence. In different senses of the word, both groups are today hopelessly romantic and therefore unfit to cope with the problem of industrialization. The traditionalists, frightened by the lengthening shadows of the smokestacks, take refuge in the good old days and in what I have called the apotheosis of the hoe. They make a charming but impotent religion of the past, make idols of the defunct horse and buggy, and mutter impotently at the radio. They themselves no longer believe that they are going to do anything about it, and this cheapens their veneration for the past.

The progressive industrialists are equally romantic. It will not help matters to abuse them with words like Rotarian, Kiwanian, Owl, Elk, Wolf or what have you. The point is that they propose to do something, namely to introduce and manage industrial enterprise, and this gives them an enormous advantage over their annoyed opponents. Nevertheless, though they will doubtless make money in

any case, they are doomed not to know what they are making it for. This disease will be known historically as the American Death, which leaves its living corpses unburied, sitting in speeding motors, at the knobs of radios, and gaping before movie screens. One of its first symptoms can be discovered in the idolatrous speeches of the progressive industrialists, who know that man does not live by bread alone but know no more. This condemns them to making themselves ridiculous, as the traditionalist knows but too well. Said a speaker before a "social service" conference of the Southern textile industry: "The pioneers of Southern industry were pioneers of God, they were prophets of God doing what God wanted done. Southern industry is a divine institution. When the first whistles blew the people flocked to the light from barren places. These cotton mills were established that people might find themselves and be found. It is a spiritual movement." Does the radiance of this pæan curl the lip of the traditionalist? Does he, in short, know that it is nonsense? Ah, but if he opposes industry with the religion of the nigger mammy and the old cotton-pickin' times, his opponents must work up some sort of religion with which to oppose him. This is an ordinary law of human polemic.

Why not bilk both religions? A mill is not a divine institution, nor was cotton-pickin' time. But any religion worth its salt implies a purpose in life, whether that life rest on an agricultural or industrial basis. And it implies a sense of mutual responsibility among people who make their living. It is time for the traditionalist to cease romanticizing about the Old South's unessential economic characteristics and it is time for the progressive industrialist to cease romanticizing about the whistles that blow people from barren places.

At present writing the party of industrialization is feeling for the human significance that may lie behind their pioneer work. Like other human beings they want to act

in the light of something more than mere money-grubbing. If the traditionalists really know what the Old Southern philosophy of practical life can contribute, they will urge the progressive industrialists to secure social responsibility in industry. Once the issue is clarified it is probable that not all the traditionalists will turn out angels and all the industrialists devils. But the issue will at least be clear, and that will be an enormous social gain. The industrialists are just now in the throes of a Communist scare and not thinking very clearly, though at that they are thinking more clearly than the traditionalists. But a way out could be found if the two parties in Southern life set their heads together to find it.

## IV

I suggest that the way out lies as follows. Industrialization must be accepted, as something well under way and indeed almost out of hand already. The industrialist, to get the good will of the community in which he proposes to operate, must be forced to accept those checks on irresponsible exploitation that older industrial communities, like Great Britain and the North, have already worked out in tears and bloodshed. For industrialization, like a disease, eventually found its antitoxin. By the 'thirties that antitoxin had taken the form in England of collective bargaining through trade unions and factory regulation administered by a competent and socially responsible civil service. Later accretions in various parts of the world have been unemployment insurance, old age pensions, workmen's compensation for injuries, profit-sharing, consultative coöperative management, and a host of other developments. In short, human nature has tempered the factory system as it tempered slavery. What the traditionalist cherishes in his memory of the Old South is not the slave-block but the tempered forms that slavery frequently achieved; what he is permitting to be imported into the South today is naked industrial bondage without its tempered forms. If he does

not soon awake to his responsibility, the whistles will be blowing people from barren places to living hells of child labor, long hours, low pay, and moral despair. If industrialism is a disease, then the South already has it. What about the antitoxins that already exist in older industrial communities? Are we, or are we not, to have them too?

The South faces a brilliant chance for a new industrial experiment that will rehabilitate her economically without wrecking her spiritually. But to accomplish this, she must have the intelligent guidance, not only of those who understand economic rehabilitation through factory-building, but of those who at least have been claiming to understand her spiritual heritage. It will be a sorry bit of irony if by 1950 white industrial slavery in the South merits the strictures the abolitionists were hurling at black agricultural slavery in 1850. The South has the benefit of vicarious experience and antitoxins already in use, in the form of industrial regulation. According to the industrialists' own claims, as voiced in the advertisements of Southern Chambers of Commerce, there is a wide margin of profit in Southern industry, due to abundant power, tax inducements, encouragement by railways, proximity of raw materials, and "adaptable Anglo-Saxon labor." Let them make their claims good by allocating part of that profit margin to the adaptable Anglo-Saxons. If all but the Anglo-Saxons is "selling talk," the sooner we find it out the better for the South. But the present policy of low wages and the 1830 attitude of the Southern industrialist towards collective bargaining, that is towards unions, will result inevitably as it has resulted elsewhere: in bitterness, social wreckage, and eventual capitulation. If the traditionalists want to avoid the ugly consequences of such a program, they cannot start too early to insist that the industrialist make good immediately on his promises of a Utopia. He should not be allowed to plead for time either. That plea was made in England when machine industry first started. The cotton

barons assured the community that as soon as industry really got under way, the irresponsible exploitation of labor would cease. Meanwhile, the backs of the thirty thousand little girls must still bend.

If, despite the advantages the industrialist claims for the South as an industrial field, he cannot avoid the justifiable reproaches now hurled at his head, there will be time for a re-stocking of community risks. The industrialist claims that one of those advantages is inherent in the newness of the industrial South: our new factories can install modern machinery without scrapping old plant. It should be pointed out that our new factories can also adopt modern labor methods without having to scrap old ones, old ones which have wrecked more than one human society and are engaged in wrecking the South. But above all, the gold-rush psychology of high profits based on cheap and defenseless labor should be ruled out at the start, and the South should "go slow." It must be said that the injunction to go slow has to date been more frequently heard from the maturer-minded industrialist than from the lachrymose traditionalist, trotting in his squirrel wheel of tribal economics.

But does the Southn really enjoy a margin of profit in industry that will allow her to avoid the low-wage warfare of a nascent economic system? This point will be disputed, particularly in the unhealthy textile industry. The fact that the cost of living is lower for the Southern workman than for his Northern brother has been challenged by economists, and may prove to have been principally an alibi for paying low wages. But that some margin exists seems likely. It of course existed emphatically in England, when prices were still modified by hand production. Robert Owen had tried by 1819 to persuade his fellow employers to share it with their workers. Today, when world prices—or national prices behind tariff walls—are fixed by machine production, the margin is smaller; and vague philanthropy

would spell collapse. But either the margin exists in the South and can be utilized to meet labor's demands half way; or Southern industry is to be sweated industry. The industrialist owes it to the community in which he operates to say which is the case.

## V

This paper has not been intended as abuse of the Southern industrialist. If it was intended to abuse anybody, it was the class I have been calling traditionalist. For it is their move. They owe the industrialist coöperation and counsel for whatever that counsel may prove worth. As for the industrialist, he is aware that he is a citizen as well as a factory owner and that his citizenship carries with it the responsibility not to turn into a ravening wolf. On the other hand, if he is morally denied the freedom of the city, he will inevitably display the outlaw temperament. In the Middle Ages, when all interest on investment was branded as usury, interest rates were appallingly high, perhaps on the theory that if the lender was damned in any case, he might as well be damned rich as poor. If the community chooses to ignore the industrialist, he will presumably ignore the community.

The industrialist has already in the heat of battle been the target for a good deal of unjust abuse. His wild talk about Communist conspiracies is equalled by the wild talk of social welfare workers about "conditions and attitudes of mill workers," talk in which one thing is clear, that the welfare expert is usually blissfully ignorant of the human implications in an unfamiliar environment. That these "interfering reformers" corrupt "my people" is not all employer's hypocrisy. Nor is the company village always, as one welfare worker opines, "indulgence of the paternalistic impulse and the pleasure of dabbling in the lives of others." The talk is at present wild on both sides.

Just what modus vivendi can be worked out between owner and operative that can protect the interests of the community

will become clearer when the Southern community itself quits romanticizing and tackles the problem. One thing seems clear already: that the Anglo-Saxon individualism we hear so much about will prove as inadequate here as it would in New York traffic. The industrial system is simply too complicated for each man to act on his own. If nothing else happened to prevent the individualistic solution from working, Northern labor would continue its present policy of warring on coolie labor in the South. There is probably no reason for the Southern employer to pay the money wage of the North, and maybe no immediate reason for him to pay the real wage. The North is embarrassed by the lower standard of living in the South a little as our beet-growers are embarrassed by the Philippines. Both the South and the Philippines have at various times tried to win independence, and the people who prevented them in each case must suffer the penalty of having them inside their tariff union! But for Appomattox, the North might have shut out Southern industry: now it is too late. But seriously, the Southern employer will have to think out with his "contented Anglo-Saxon worker," whose common race he claims both take pride in, some sort of solution.

The traditionalists are up against a simple proposition: they must interpret in modern economic terms the sense of social responsibility which I have suggested here is the really living part of their heritage. That means putting it on a community, not an individualistic, basis. It means further restrictive legislation, to supplement human decency. If the traditionalists object that noblesse oblige was the essential feature of the Old South, it can only be replied that under no matter what system humanity may choose to live, there will always be room for noblesse oblige. For nobody knows better than the Southern traditionalist that, despite the American myth of equality and independence, the strong will always rule the weak and should do so with justice and mercy.

# EMPLOYERS FRONT!

## By BROADUS MITCHELL

I STOPPED yesterday before a melancholy building in Washington. It stands just east of the Capitol, and was known once as the Brick Capitol and later as Old Capitol Prison. Those who until recently had offices there were all gone. Its windows and doors were flung open. Its vacancy was accentuated by the weeds in the side yard, and yellowed newspapers and half-burned scraps from old files littered its terrace. It was on the point of being torn down to make room for the new building of the Supreme Court. The wrecker's foreman was stamping through it, measuring it as for its coffin. A laborer was sweeping it; this seemed so unnecessary, unless it was to lay it out decently for burial.

In this building the nation really entered upon the protectionist policy, for Congress met here from 1815-17, and here, I believe, the superintendent of the Andersonville prison camp was confined before hanging. Chief interest for a Southerner, however, lies in the fact that here Calhoun lived, and here, after listening from a wheel chair to the reading of his last speech in the Senate, he died in 1850.

More than any other, Calhoun was the representative of the Old South on the firing line of sectional debate. After lapse from earlier nationalist advocacy, he distilled the constitutional theory which in plain words meant secession. My metaphor is mixed, but no matter. When the cliff was hanging perilously, he sent up the shout which brought the avalanche of civil war. Other actors on the Southern side of the drama which stretched from Nullification to Secession were minor characters, taking consequence from him. He alone, in the contradiction of personal purity and public error, expressed the excruciating vexation of the period.

The South has undergone logical alternations of political and social dominance. From the days of colonization to the Civil War there was a ruling aristocracy of landed wealth and relative culture. During Reconstruction there was what may be called an oligarchical democracy — in every sense forced and unreal so far as rule of the people was concerned. When the South was restored to Southerners, there was a reversion to the old aristocracy, but now with a difference. At first there was general destitution, and even after recovery began, wealth did not exist in the old self-perpetuating security. Economic resources did not now hang upon mere ownership, but followed from skilful contrivance. In other words, the promising leaders did not rely upon planting, but began to look to commerce and industry. Also, the ranks of those who controlled the South were augmented by the addition of some new men, who relied not upon name or position, but upon energy, particularly in manufacturing.

For rather less than twenty years these economic providers were the true lords of the South. They were not strident. The magnitude of their task of physical salvage made them modest. Anyhow, they were rulers by default of everyone else, and nobody bit the hand that fed him. For a time the factory was more important than the forum.

There ensued the day of the demagogue, which has not ended yet. He was the ungracious token of partial recovery of the country; he relied not a little upon the re-entrance of poor white men into economic well-being through the agency of cotton mill employment. He was the product of free labor and industrialism, which made for centers of population easily addressed. The demagogue was in most respects inferior to the old landed aristocrat. He suffered much in comparison with the men who guided the South's physical rehabilitation. But he added one element of promising importance—he did appeal for the favor of the common white man, and he did represent, however factiously, the

wishes of those whose acclaim was his breath of life. He rode the South's first ragged wave of democracy.

More and more politics is being replaced as the chief interest of the South by business in the widest sense—growth and diversification of industry, expansion of commerce, application of intelligence to agriculture, programs of social betterment put forward without self-seeking. Disaffection of southern states from Democratic allegiance in the 1928 election was significant of more than religious bigotry and dryness. This shift is attributable to economic progress, chiefly expressed in manufactures, public education, and automobiles. Just as a slight improvement in social status of the Poor Whites more than a generation ago gave rise to the ignorant or disingenuous politician, so a larger measure of economic competence in the masses transfers control to two closely allied groups — entrepreneurs and social workers, the latter comprehending educators, health officers, farm experiment stations, city managers, welfare departments of state and factory, and labor organizers. The second group is more articulate than the first, has a less divided purpose, and made itself heard earlier, but it is really subordinate in power, and depends upon business.

We may say, then, that the business man, chiefly the industrialist, is the new leader in the South. He is in a different position from the Southern industrialist of the 'seventies, 'eighties, and 'nineties. He cannot be so much the individualist. The community looks at him not only gratefully, but critically. Other agencies of social progress have sprung up to apply a measuring stick to his performance. The present South not only wants to nourish industry, but it has an eye to the social implications of that industry. The industrialist is a constitutional monarch.

His power flows from his opportunity to exploit great natural resources; he is still in the process of industrializing an agricultural region, he gives subsistence and change of employment to hundreds of thousands who need both; in a

word, he creates wealth. He commands capital, everywhere the most potent element in society, but especially so in the recovering South. He holds the sovereign secret of production. The limitation upon him is that he must answer to a social conscience—sometimes vague and inexperienced, sometimes timid, but more and more present.

Mr. Claude G. Bowers, who with touching loyalty has translated his vast admiration of Jefferson into conspicuous espousal of the Democratic party, recently wrote: "I certainly think it would be a great tragedy for the South to abandon the sound fundamental principles and ideals on which its greatness rests in history to industrialism." I am unable to agree with him. It is not certain that there are any "sound fundamental principles and ideals" in social arrangement, and in the second place, industrialism in the South is already supplanting the agricultural régime which was the foundation of Jefferson's beliefs. Maybe it is through perversion, but it is nevertheless true that the Jeffersonian tradition has come to serve in the South as a cloak for unwarranted and interested departure from national industrial practice. It is an excuse for peculiarity from which a small group profits. The first lesson which Southern industrial leaders must learn is that they are responsible for conformity, insofar as possible, with national standards. In matters technical and financial they have this knowledge and act brilliantly upon it; in their desire for a protective tariff they are proving themselves apt scholars. It is in their relations to their industrial partners—the workers—that they need guidance, and the recent actions of the textile manufacturers in the South call more for reproof than for encouragement.

The question arises here: In how far can deliberate individual and social effort modify economic evolution? Will exhortation by reformers and by enlightened persons within the ranks of employers avail anything? On this point Professor Karapetoff, of Cornell University, has taken a

mechanistic view which, one must admit, is recommended by experience. Speaking of employers, workers, and the Southern public in the recent series of textile mill strikes, he says: "Each group has acted its part; has acted it almost in the way in which a skilled sociologist would have predicted it. The only unusual feature in the situation is the staging of a present-day, large-scale industrial conflict in a fairly backward agricultural community. . . . If [North Carolina] is to have large mills and factories you are bound to repeat to some extent the sad and cruel industrial history of our Northeast and England. I see no way out of it, because great masses are swayed by emotions (principally fear), and not by intellect. If this were not so we would have had an industrial democracy long before this time." He is "sorry for the otherwise peaceful elements of your population which all at once have been called upon to orient themselves and to take an active part in a situation for which there has been no gradual growth in the past, no precedent, and no reference marks."

It may be true of the recent strikes that "as is usual in such cases, the heat of the basic animal fear and the desire for self-preservation rapidly melted the thin film of culture." However, I believe that a better adjustment can ensue. Three factors in the situation lend hope. First, the workers, for their part, have shown notable restraint. They have had every provocation to unreason and violence, for they have been maligned, shot, evicted, had courts, militia, and sheriffs against them, and received tardy support from public opinion. In the face of this treatment, their demands have generally been minimal, they have sought advice in responsible quarters, they have welcomed the friendly offices of outsiders, they have tried to resort to conference and discussion. The American Federation of Labor, in sponsoring the present campaign of organization in the South, has reversed its old policy and invited labor criticism by adopting an engineering approach to the problem of cotton mill oper-

ation. It does not fight the efficiency systems which were the immediate cause of the strikes; rather, it has asked for adjustment and further inquiry, being willing to go the whole length of "class collaboration." The way in which the thousands of operatives at Danville answered the ignorant and unjust strictures of the president of the mill must have been amazing to one outside and unacquainted with the South. They had, probably, the power to apply instant economic pressure and abide the consequences. Instead, they showed remarkable moderation and self-respecting tolerance. I shall never forget the behavior of strikers at Elizabethton, Tennessee, in their meetings in the spring of 1929. Here were raw recruits to an industry owned by aliens. They were mountaineers suddenly thrust into factories and working under onerous conditions. I doubt whether debate in the House of Commons equals them in order, and in firmness without obstinacy.

A second hopeful element lies in the fact that labor conditions in the Southern mills, and the stand which employers have taken in defense of these, are anachronisms. It is not meant to be too sweeping. There is unhealthy tissue elsewhere in the American industrial organism, but the point is that it is everywhere recognized as being such and defenses of it fall upon unbelieving ears. A number of the Southern employers whose recent statements I have read murmur something about knowing they are not perfect, and speak of their belief that they are making progress out of an unfortunate situation. But basically they give the impression of denying charges and resenting criticism. The right tactic for them, even in selfish procedure, is to invite intelligent, non-partisan inquiry into the situation in their industry. Without this, they must continue subject to the hostility of nine out of ten men outside the range of their immediate influence. And however slowly it works, this pressure of national public opinion is sure in its effect. The Southern cotton mills will have to yield to it in one way or

another; they may conform to its demands, or they will find themselves forced into compliance. Restrictive legislation, withdrawal of protection, support to the contentions of organized labor, personal discomfiture of recalcitrant employers through public attacks, may all operate.

Some within the ranks of mill owners begin to show signs of appreciation of the confronting situation. Their words, one may be sure, are carrying great weight with their colleagues, even though they be taken to constitute the most unkindest cut of all. Some of these have been strictures passed on bad labor standards in the South by manufacturers who have mills in both the North and the South, such as Mr. Eben E. Whitman and Mr. H. P. Kendall. These have been fearless and clearheaded, and mark a great advance over the position taken by Massachusetts mill men six years ago when they appealed to their legislature to protect them against Southern competition by relaxing legal limitations at home. At the end of April of this year Mr. Whitman told the National Association of Cotton Manufacturers that "the time has arrived when somebody's feelings have probably got to be hurt in the process of placing ourselves in a position to go ahead. Every . . . destructive force that is bearing down upon us, if traced to its source, leads directly to the . . . exploitation of women and children in our mills. The growth of this unfair and selfish utilization of women and children through night employment in the cotton mills of the Southern States is . . . directly the cause of the downfall of this . . . essential industry. . . ." The evil of overproduction prompted this statement, but it is none the less grist to the mill of labor betterment, as is the success of the Cotton Textile Institute (composed of employers North and South) in tying up the vast majority of cotton spindles in the moderate agreement to work a maximum of 55 hours a week in the day and 50 hours at night.

In addition to these voices which represent interests in

both sections, there have been some from the Southern industry itself. Mr. W. D. Anderson said to the convention of Southern cotton manufacturers in 1928: "I am inviting your thought to the task of deciding whether or not we, who own and operate the mills of the South, are exercising ourselves to go to the limit of our ability . . . in seeing to it that those who labor with us in this great industry are receiving everything that is their due. I am not inviting you to any manifestation of sentimentality. . . . The thing I am talking about strikes down to the very mudsills upon which proper human relations are built. . . . Selfishness is an insuperable barrier to a common understanding." Mr. Donald Comer, the president of one of the largest cotton manufacturing companies in the South or anywhere, in May of this year told the convention of Northern mill men: "Our predecessors have played their part and now we are at the bat. We must find answers to old problems, and new ones as they arise, else we shall, and should, forfeit our place of leadership. . . . Danger—Think—is the message I have for us today. Let's keep ahead of threatening fists. . . . Men and women who daily climb our factory stairs have not wearied in their trust of us. Trust is a sacred thing. Ours is the opportunity today."

I am under no illusions. These men do not propose to embrace labor unionism. But, whether trying to contrive an exit from their own marketing difficulties, or smarting under labor protests, they are very honestly worried, and are not afraid to admit it and cast about for assistance in solving their problem. The smugness and self-gratulation, which formerly deemed it enough to boast of welfare work, is gone. In the important matter of labor relations there comes now, at least in a few who have spoken, a searching of heart, an examination of motives, and glances at the surprising stature of an opponent.

It is clear that the moderation of the workers and the inability of employers long to support an outworn creed lend

color to the belief that the South may short-circuit the process of industrial betterment. A third pointer in the same direction is more debatable. It is that there is a sense of justice in the Southern people which will urge industry toward good labor standards. We talk much of Southern traditions. Those most worthwhile belong to the Revolutionary and early Constitutional periods, and upon these the present has a way of collapsing, as though a century and a half had not intervened between them. The main reason for this telescoping is that the education, wealth, and occupation of the masses of white people have not changed much until recent years. The substratum of the white South is essentially English. England, everything considered, was not long in making adjustment to the social effects of the Industrial Revolution. We may think of capitalism clamping down on labor with the General Combination Act of 1799. This was repealed, it is true not without some manoeuver, in 1824, and though restrictions upon workers were partially re-imposed the next year, from this time forward the issue as to worker's rights was less and less in doubt. Later lapses from this fair policy were pretty promptly rebuked and the position of workers further established by shouts of protest organized not simply by workers but by liberal-minded leaders of public opinion. England, in other words, considering the fact that she had burst upon an unknown sea, did something better than muddle through. It may not be too much to hope that this Anglo-Saxon turn for parliamentary amelioration of injustice to labor may be peculiarly resident in the South. It has slumbered, but now and again an eye opens.

The entrepreneur has earned the place of Southern leadership. Mr. Comer is right in saying that the employer is at the bat. Crowded stands are watching him. Many hope that he will not strike out. He cannot count long upon applause from a personal triumph. He must learn and practice, while he captains, team play.

Leaving aside the present depressed state of the industry, which no one looks upon as permanently threatening the success of the ordinarily talented Southern cotton manufacturer (though it is playing havoc in the North), the Southern enterpriser has thus far encountered and overcome technical problems. He now enters the vexed realm of social action. Some would not rely upon him for the needed imagination, and think he cannot initiate a social discipline which would prejudice his autonomy. It may be that he will move in this direction only under compulsion, mainly of his workers. However this may be, there is no doubt that he is in the best position to take command, and it is certain that, if his policies are reasonable, he will get a following. He has been looked to by his employees in large and small things for half a century. He enters the situation, which is bound to become more and more vexed in the next years, with the extraordinary asset of the workers' confidence. At the very worst, they will reserve judgment until he has made a fool of himself. Every move which the American Federation of Labor and the United Textile Workers have made since the southwide organizing campaign was started, proves that the employer is being asked to step to the front.

Mr. Bernard Cone, whose importance in the Southern and national industry demands attention, speaking recently at the University of North Carolina, took a position of economic agnosticism which, if generally held to, would mean that the employer as a leader is beaten before he starts. "Up till recently," he said, "the manufacturers have been reticent. They have remained silent and let too many untrue things said about them go unchallenged. But dignity ceases to be a virtue and more men . . . ought to come out into the open and tell their side of the story. I am sorry, but I have no remedy to offer. If I did, it would already have been applied. Mergers will not help. Unions will not help. Surveys will not help. Legislation will not help. The

thing will have to work itself out like an epidemic of influenza. . . ."

Obviously, more is needed than for employers to "tell their side of the story." The public will listen respectfully to this, it is certain, and without preconceived hostility. Such a recital will give many added points to steer by. But there must be constructive proposal besides. This demand would be satisfied with minimum embarrassment to the employer by his acquiescence in the application of organized labor for recognition and conference. This procedure is the most promising. It calls up labor's dissatisfaction, articulate and inarticulate, for settlement. It furnishes the only and sufficient guarantee that labor will not butt ahead without knowledge of the employer's other business problems; more than this, it makes available to the industry certain positive experience of textile unionists, and provides an expansion joint in organized workers' understanding that they are to give and take.

A surprisingly large number of Southern cotton manufacturers, frankly approached, have shown a willingness to hear the union's proposals at the outset. Whether or not this results in outright co-operation in some instances, it must act as an insurance against ignorance and misrepresentation as to what the union is trying to do. It does not help at all to have the employer entertain and set forth a distorted picture of organized labor. In doing this he simply earns the title "mill baron," which is equally unfortunate. One has said, "the big reason why the manufacturer doesn't like the idea of a union is because of the methods of the union. You may call it 'collective bargaining' if you will, but that is a misnomer. . . . It's collective dictation or collective domineering where the formulation of terms is concerned, and collective intimidation in putting them into effect." The latest number of a leading trade journal in the heart of the textile South understands no more than that the section is swarming with labor organizers who had reached the starva-

tion point in New England and who want Southern dues to live on; "but," the editor says, "we have confidence in the good sense of the mill operatives . . . who have always refused to be the victims of such parasites."

A skeptical employer offers the opinion that a proper union must have two purposes: "First, assistance to the member which will make him better fitted to perform his work; second, to assist in the general uplift of the industry with which he is connected." And he adds: "When they come with . . . plans, headed by the proper type of leaders, willing to co-operate and to build, then I feel that they have some possibility of success."

It will surprise this man to be told that this is precisely what he has in the South today in the United Textile Workers. No more authoritative profession of policy can be found than the words of Mr. Geoffrey C. Brown, who is the consulting engineer retained by the American Federation of Labor to speed the acceptance of the organization of textile workers in the South. "Trade unions have arrived," he says, "at the realization that better wages and working conditions can be maintained only through the productivity and prosperity of industry. When this is admitted (and its truth is obvious) the next step is inescapable. Trade unions must co-operate actively with management to promote high productivity, elimination of waste, and low cost of production in organized establishments. Only under these conditions can payment of the highest wages become possible."

Here is a program ready made to the needs of manufacturers beset by over-production, unaccustomed to working with each other in necessary policies of restriction, harassed by widespread labor unrest, and uncomfortable under public censure.

# W. H. HUDSON

## By MORLEY ROBERTS

WHAT we call 'literary immortality' is but the remembrance of a few, who in a little while will themselves be nameless dust. For the man never to be forgotten is, within some counted days, sunk in oblivion, and lesser men of the hour surpass his memory. Even for the greatest there must in the end be this forgetfulness. Can we, whose civilization even now shakes, perhaps to its final fall, be certain that the great men of Greece themselves will be reverenced by a flood of new conquerors from the uplands and plains of Asia, or Africa? And still we live relatively and cherish the belief that the only time that reckons is what we ourselves and our children can count upon. So it is hard for us to believe that such a man as W. H. Hudson, whose passion for life was so tremendous, should not for a long time share in that fragile form of immortality which is to be remembered by men.

It is now seven years since Hudson died. When we lost him he was seventeen years my senior. He is now no more than ten years older than I. It is strange to think, as even the frail may long survive the threats of life, that I might even learn to look upon him, who taught me so much, as a younger brother who indeed died young. For after all that is the truth. Hudson did die young. He had still the brain of a young and ardent naturalist and thinker, and a constitution which but for the illness that nearly killed him as a boy, might have made him count the years of a full century. Some die early and yet go on living in blind futility. Some reproduce the thoughts of an ephemeral press and believe they think. Their interests are peculiarly personal: it is their narrowness which is death itself. But Hudson's interests

were almost universal. He taught not so much the brotherhood of man as the brotherhood of all living things founded on our blood relationship with all that lives. True that he never ran any such theory into the ground. He had his hates and resentments for he was essentially human. He could have fought savagely and to the point of cruelty against cruelty. He did not hate war if it was a fight for freedom and justice. He held that any people had its inalienable right to resent dictation. He wished to be free, and so far as man may be he was free; he had at least a free mind.

I wrote his biography and am not now greatly dissatisfied with the portrait. My opportunities were unsurpassed during many years and perhaps because I never expected to get to know him he did at last in many ways disclose himself. So when rare gleams of illumination pierced the strange bright obscurity in which he loved to dwell, I was often amazed and sometimes smiled. It was not easy for me to write about him, for to write of Hudson was almost to write about myself. And still why should I not confess here, after seven years of wanting him, how much Hudson was to me? No longer have I any to whom I can take all I do or try to do. He was like a most wise and excellent elder brother to me, and sometimes I was like the son he had not, a son in whom he hoped. His appreciation, if it came, was like upland air: even his disapproval was never without sympathy or suggestion of amendment. I knew that my affection for him was returned, and his most unfounded criticism, since even the surest must miss the way, never hurt me.

Hudson was not a scientific man. He never professed to be. He was content to remain the observer, the friend, of birds and beasts and man himself when man was not vile or cruel. He lived therefore on the frontiers of science and lacked patience for that extended and intense reading which must be the lot of those who, at whatever price or by whatever gate, enter the kingdom of science. An adventurer in letters, he admired adventure in others, and chuckled when I,

greatly daring as I know now, broke almost burglariously into that realm. It is now some sixteen years since I did so. I should never have ventured into that region if it had not been for Hudson. He used me to invent hypotheses for him and I recognized that he did so and took it as a compliment, and strove to satisfy him. To do that meant not merely reliance on my own imagination or general powers of fairly logical thinking. It meant much labour. Perhaps I may say here that long ago, even when I was a child, I took a deep interest in medicine and doctors and all things connected with life, though I did not even know such a word as biology existed. It is no doubt a very trivial thing to put down, but once, when not yet thirteen, I had some occasion at Bedford School for a short holiday and I went by myself very soberly and asked our doctor for a medical certificate. "Well, young fellow, and what do you want me to put down as your complaint?" asked the doctor with a cynical smile. "I think, sir, you might make it nervous debility," I replied gravely. He looked at me, burst into laughter, slapped his thigh, and said, "By God, I will! I suppose you are going to be a doctor." That, however, was not to be my fate, and it was twenty years later when Hudson pushed me across the broad borderland which lies between natural history and pure science.

Like a great many other invalids Hudson was not averse from discussing his life-long heart trouble and to satisfy and to some extent reassure him I read up cardiology. Some years later I sent him to Sir James Mackenzie who was a great help to him. Sir James wrote to me about his heart condition, for by this time I had worked at his own invention, the polycardiograph, with a favourite student of his, now, alas, dead. In this way Hudson helped to make me into a kind of medico-biological student, a thing which had results in the end. He recognized the fact and took a peculiar paternal pride in my book, "Warfare in the Human Body," which he could but partially understand, and he used to get

doctors to read it, with varying results, and was accustomed to demand if they really understood it all, being immensely delighted if any of them found part of it difficult.

Every one interested in biology knows that Hudson was a Lamarckian and those who are not may learn to their advantage, since biology comes so greatly to the front nowadays, that Lamarck held that some at least of the changes brought about in a functioning organism by the work it does, are inherited. Hudson had a mighty scorn of the Neo-Mendelian-Darwinians who utterly denied this. So once when I said to him, "I suppose I am a kind of Lamarckian," he almost shouted, or rather piped shrilly, "Of course, of course, you are!" I have many good scientific friends who sometimes chuckle and as often look grim and sceptical in the face of heterodox speculations, but in any case are helpful even when they damn, rightly or wrongly, what is suggested, but I have all the same lost my father, my big brother, in the journey through the tangled hills and pathless plains of the animal world. Not always was he right and at times he was most obstinately wrong, and I often had occasion to groan when it was necessary to read much to convince him of a little.

Truly I own this is, to those who did not know him, mere chatter, and chatter largely about myself. But are not those who know a man mirrors or photographs in which to see him? They may as it were be mere negatives and unprintable at that, but we may so turn about a negative to the light that it becomes a positive. It is a pity that George Gissing left no sketch of Hudson. It was perhaps one day's good deed when I brought them together, and as it were gave each a twist so that they came home to each other where they fitted. For two more unlike men never lived. Gissing shied away from the real life he strove to depict. That he depicted it as he did shows how he abhorred it, while Hudson drew the living world to him and wrapped himself in it as a garment, and could be as much a friend to a rat-catcher as to a king of men.

But both these men loved books and solitude: Gissing the extremest solitudes that he knew, though he would have feared the loneliness of the pampa or prairie so dear to Hudson, and could not rest long in peace among those who lacked letters. Not always was it easy to fit a mood to Gissing's mood, for Hudson and I loved speculation and speculation made Gissing peculiarly uneasy. He loathed philosophers and metaphysics, and the uneasy surprises of science shook his stability like an earthquake. He turned his back upon new things and needed an Augustan age for completion. And yet he and Hudson loved and admired each other, not in the way of an admiration society but with humour and without any loss or denial of criticism. So books may bring all apparent opposites together as they chant the praises of the dead who may yet live for a little while.

Hudson was a 'materialist' and a mystic too. Though technically without belief he had many beliefs. But these were never held with any religious passion and he lacked, what Gissing in spite of his disbelief managed to retain, a theory of some sort of purpose in this universe of ours. But it was all the more a wonderful universe and he saw, much more clearly we can be assured than many bishops and dignitaries see, that a speck of matter was in every way as wonderful in itself as the sun or moon or stars. Hudson never attributed any of the faint glories of man to a soul. Without knowing it he was in many ways a follower of the path Spinoza knew. The body, the brain, could do all the body and the brain knew: there was no indignity in the flesh, no degradation in being flesh that passed in a few short hours into dull or sparkling dust. So he sat upon a tumulus and bade ancient men be his companions and strove to get their stories from them as though they still lived. For what he dreamed was for the time all that he saw. He had the mystic capacity, on which so much of truth and falsehood has been built, which made the world of every day sink away from him. This came at some great hours. A flash of sunlight

in the blue distances of the downs or the sight of many wild flowers took him where many saints have trodden. But he trod there without bleeding feet and came back to a sane and glorified world. What wonder that one should miss him! For these moments of exaltation were his very often and the wilder countryside might open them to him when alone. Only thrice in my own life has any hour come to me which gave me comprehension.

For him life seemed very brief. He feared the passage of time, the years that eat up a man and rob him of his powers and passions. To have instincts and no power of fulfilment was the misery he dreaded. His eighty years seemed but a short day. "I'd like to live a million years, yes, a million years!" But his passion for life was a real passion for living. How much we hear now of this writer and that who, perhaps from the bed of a consumptive, shrieks for power and liberty. Folk talk of this as though it were a new doctrine and some make of it a plea for special license and debauchery. But who should care, save out of pity, for the shrieks of the weak and the unable? What right have they to exalt their incapacity of sane power into a so-called philosophy? It has been the unnamed philosophy of all strong men. And Hudson, though an invalid in one sense, never let that weakness destroy him. He warmed both hands before the fire of life with old Savage Landor. He did not cry aloud and pitifully with Jefferies for "life, more life." Jefferies was then not a living but a dying man. He was avid and violent for what he might not have, for what he might not do. Often books that should be strong are but violent: we find that their writers were sick or weak. They must put into their work all their wishes for power and out of their weakness they overdo it. Others put the world away from them and concoct in bed a theory of final just despair. Some call the groans of Leopardi a philosophy. But who that denies life, or to whom life is denied, shall attain wisdom? Hudson, with sufficient weakness to

take away the arrogance of strength from his mighty body, could have been truly a philosopher, if he had not known that life was more than any doctrine. His one great grief was that a disastrous youth, for all it gave him of a rare liberty, had yet robbed him of so much, of adventure, of the chances and extreme delight of exhausting labours and escapes from peril. It was this deprivation of activity that made him a lover of women. There can be adventures and disasters in love.

I have spoken of his strength. He never knew how great it was. In death he had the muscles and thews of some great old athlete, who even in age had preserved the frame and its equipment that made and marked him. And yet having these and the sense of latent power of a merely physical kind, though that is a great gift as strong men know, he recognized and indeed over-estimated the fragility of his own life. If youth had left its dangers it had left also, from the mouth of physicians who then knew no better, suggestions of immediate possible death. This was impressed too deeply on him as a boy. He never rid himself of it. Time and again he wrote to me, "I never expected to live through the night." So many have felt and yet have trampled down the years as he did. If he feared death, and he did necessarily fear it with that evil old sentence passed upon him, it was no common fear. I have heard the merest writer of foolish books, a man who had led, and could have led, no real man's life, express such terror of death that he seemed to me insane. He would have been satisfied with the empty continuance of a reprieved murderer. But Hudson wanted all that his unused power ought to have given him. This sense of life's fragility is very strange: it is symptomatic of some diseases. It takes away strong belief in to-morrow, it makes to-day most urgent. How can one blame Hudson for this fear? His capacity for enjoyment was that of a child and over and above that he embraced the universe. This is what the mysticism of such a man can give him. It was with him founded on none

of the illusions of the mystics but on his fundamental unity with nature. In him were all the passions of Nature.

These are great gifts and the world might have been his if what we call the world had known the man among them. But when that initial disaster cut him away from the sources of power and profit that a normal childhood might have given, it condemned him to poverty, poverty prolonged, enforced and, till the end, uninterrupted. He might have said with Samuel Johnson that the world's help came to him when he was indifferent and could not enjoy it, when he was solitary and could not impart it. Nothing but his native power of endurance put him through those years when even a short holiday in the country was a thing to scheme for, to hope for, and to take at last not only in the hazard but in the certainty that it must be paid for heavily in the gloom of the melancholy house in which he spent his last years and in which I, in the end, laid his limbs to rest.

Not since Hudson's death have I been able to visit that decaying and smoke-stained part of London in which the song of birds was replaced for him by the scream of locomotives and the roar of the town's traffic. There is a great melancholy in a street that has lost its ancient status: it is like a man decayed and fallen among the thieves of opportunity. That house of his, of his faithful yet unfit wife, may now have clothed itself with paint and flowers. I have not seen it, and shall not. Not again shall I climb to the garret which for years was theirs, while aliens, who did not always pay their rent, sheltered under their roof in a lesser degree of poverty than those to whom the place belonged. Once it had been a successful boarding house, full of life at least, and not without gaiety, though at that time the Hudsons lived in another house, also given over to enforced guests, where I first most strangely met him. That speculation failed: the difficulty of the task overcame his wife, and she who had first known him as a poor boarder, took shelter in what remained of her difficult property and strove with

him for bare life. How came it that Hudson married? We may guess very easily. A poor guest married a kindly hostess then in some hazardous prosperity.

Hudson's feeling of the intense fragility of personal life, whether for a man or some passing blossom, was of course alien to his type. Youthful health, as I have suggested, would have given him that sense of security which he for ever lacked. How much of the charming and yet irritating contradictions of his character arose from this initial antinomy it is hard to say. If he had but known that the doctors, prophesying his early death, had spoken without knowledge and with presumption natural but lamentable, he would have lived in greater freedom, even in poverty and stress. But perhaps his loss was the world's gain. Yet what a price this native of the wilderness, this kingly fellow of the birds, paid to make us free of Nature from which he was so long and bitterly debarred. To sit in that dull eyry of Tower House and yet endeavour to translate himself in spirit to the wilds he knew and loved was a mighty strain on him. It was as strange to sit with him there as to sit with some prisoner in the Tower, or in the Bastille itself. And yet he remained strangely free, a man like a bird, a brother of all great humourists, a mystic and an atheist, a materialist and a seer, a boy and a prophet, as serious as death itself and as profound a humourist as ever wept in secret. His life, life mostly spent in a prison that need never have been his, was a sacrifice. By it we have advantaged, for it made him a deeper thinker. And yet for him to learn so late, so much too late, that he need never have deemed the life he loved hung on so slender a thread, was bitter. He knew he had been sacrificed to needless fears.

Those of us who have lived scantily and barely, sometimes in hunger and poverty and sometimes in such riotous plenty as may befall the hunter or the gambler with his own life, know certain hours when fame, riches and good report, success and all its accompaniments of honour and the pleasant speech of our nobler fellows, seem but dust, the dust and

ashes of lost opportunities of action. So it was at times with Hudson. What mattered it that men spoke well of him? Ah, so Baedeker reports that some hotel is 'well-spoken' of! Hudson in the dust of Paddington remembered Patagonia, the wilderness that stretched down south to Tierra del Fuego and the wild island of the Horn. To have the wilderness of Westbourne Park for the Argentine pampa as he recalled it, or for the Banda Oriental with all its remembered magic, was to stray in the merest dust, dust that could not blow freely over a free wild. But the prisoners of the Bastille made friends with mice and spiders, and Hudson's passion for human conversation survived in prison. As prisoners have carved names and words upon their walls so he wrote books. The passion for that life which is not life but literature took hold of him and he wrote. How often we may say that writing is a substitute for life, life as we would live it, life that has somehow missed us, or that we, by hesitation or enforced habit or a streak of cowardice, have missed for ever? Had fate been kind it is not novels that George Gissing would have written. Great writer as I think him and as he most essentially was, I wonder if Hudson would have written a line if he had not been so struck down by illness in his early youth as to be forced from the natural activities of a man in great new country into the wilderness which ended so lamentably in—Westbourne Park! An eagle in a cage made Hudson sick to see. What wonder? To many, of the meaner sort, writing, of the meaner kind, is, it may be, the best that they can do. If they make money they have the freedom of money. So some, who could not face an adventure, write books of adventure, and run vicarious paper hazards in security. They, it may be, missed little, and they give little. Hudson missed, as he knew, very much indeed, but he gave much. As a real philosopher, not a metaphysical juggler with words who in the profound obscurity of his ignorance rationalizes his prejudices, his work should surpass in enduring influence a thousand works by

pure verbalists who knew not life. For though his was not what it might have been he knew both life and men, and, forced into observation and deep thought, he came out of it yet alive with a humour at times almost Rabelaisian, with a belief which was purely human mysticism, with a disbelief that was serene atheism, and with indignation and pity.

As I have said I wrote his biography. I wrote it because no one else could, or so it seemed. Let me say that I was asked to do the book. If this had not been a fact it might never have been written, for it seemed to me a task beyond anyone. Maybe it was. Still it got itself done in a curious way, perhaps worth speaking of. Soon after Hudson's death I ran the risk of death myself, upon 'the table.' An operation and an awful awakening from anaesthesia almost broke my nerve. I sat by the fire for three months and could not face the world. And I had promised to do Hudson's life, or at least to paint some kind of portrait of him. While recovering slowly I relieved my incapacity for action by writing little scraps about him as they came to me. These were to be notes for his life. Sometimes they were a few lines, sometimes half a page of pencil script, and sometimes even several pages. As I wrote them, working now for a few minutes and sometimes for half an hour, I dropped them into a little portfolio. Scarcely a day of that three months of incapacity passed without some addition, or several additions. And all the time I dreaded the immense task, as it seemed to me, of the book itself. For what were these scraps to a real life of the man? But at last, coming up from Avernus into the more lucid air of normal life, I sorted out my poor little notes and put them in order and found, much to my amazement, that for all practical purposes the book was written. It needed but a few links, with a quietly considered part here and there, to be more than I could have hoped. For what is the one great difficulty in writing such a book? I take it that it is the enforced deliberation necessary for the most part in doing work of this order.

It is very difficult not to consider, and perhaps to truckle to, what folk will think, what they will expect. Most people would say that a biography must surely be written to please and to conciliate. How happy was I then to find that what I had written for myself alone was all that I needed to do. What others thought was nothing, as it ought to be nothing. A man should speak his mind if he has one. And yet how hard it is sometimes not to kowtow to the mob, or to the unable critic who is the slave of his prejudices! We hate to give ourselves away and reticence may be literary ruin. So very joyfully I put my mosaic into order and, when it was done, had the reward I might have looked for. The publisher who had commissioned the book took months to consider it, in the meantime refusing to see me, for he had his own notions of Hudson, drawn merely from a few talks with him and his knowledge of the man's books. And gradually I learnt that a book written for myself was not the book for him. I had drawn Hudson as I had seen and known him for over forty years and I had not made him a Christian saint or given him to the world as a painted hero without sin or guile, a Sir Galahad of the woods and the wilderness. So what there was to do I did. I tore up the agreement and took the book to someone of a wider mind who made no bones about the truth, and taking the book on trust in the writer, found in it some satisfaction.

I said earlier that writing about Hudson meant often enough writing about myself. This may be a pity but it may also be an advantage. This little story of the way my portrait of him was done will, perhaps, help some to understand it and its difficulties. The unprejudiced, without Fundamentalist and other distracting and destructive principles or prejudices, will see I drew a man and put him on his feet. This was recognized by many critics both in England and in the United States. And yet when thinking of the great popularity that Hudson's best work has had among the more intelligent American public, a popularity largely due to

what John Galsworthy said of "Green Mansions," I have to own that I was somewhat surprised by the poor sale of my own book on the other side of the Atlantic. I am loath to believe that its truth stood in its way, and yet it must be owned that in biography we are little accustomed to truth. Once I had occasion to remark that the ordinary biographer of men recently dead was 'usually a hired liar with his tongue in his cheek.' A casual inspection of a dozen biographies in two volumes, and perhaps in three, will confirm this view. Under the ponderous weight of a load of fiction and falsehood a public man sinks into the grave of oblivion and if, in the end, some one exhumes his body and tells the truth about his bones, there comes an outcry against such a discovery.

It may be that Hudson, if he could read this book, would smile. It was a passion with him not to be known. He liked to hide himself in a pleasant obscurity, and I can almost hear him saying that even those who knew him best knew him but little. He drew his own portrait, as he wished to be known, in all his books, especially in those of his great middle and end period, but those who think that was all may read and chuckle as they read "The Purple Land." Possibly it will be hard to join together the young Hudson of this recklessly charming book with other works of his, but even when he wrote his best and biggest books, the imaginary blue-eyed Englishman of "The Purple Land" survived in him. We can't get rid of our ancestors or of our own youth. The philosopher may be a humourist and the humourist a good lover. Hudson was all three and a man.

If he was humourous, and his humour is at times profound and pathetic, he could be and was as serious as any preacher. It is a pity that few who occupy pulpits can preach so well the doctrine of love and charity for the dying world of wild birds and beasts. This is not a doctrine for which such will die or suffer or even work. How many sermons are preached yearly on hatred of cruelty for a thousand based on 'divine vengeance,' or on some proofless creed? How then could

he accept war? He accepted conflict of every kind and his deep historic instincts forbade him to believe that there could be any swift or deep reversal of those human instincts which had led to battle through the hidden aeons of time during which man had grown to what we think maturity. He was no authority on mankind's history; he would listen with reasonableness to those who were, but all he learnt of the skulls and bones of his prehistoric ancestry had taught him not so much of the conflicts in which man evolved as he learnt in a vision by a tumulus where those were buried who had, unknown centuries ago, invaded the shores of the island he loved. It might be a bitter prospect for the doctrinaires who dreamed of everlasting human peace, but he accepted all that the past taught him and could not lap the milk of idealism. And more than that, he felt the universal happy life of human quiet pictured in the dreams of a few good sober men was not merely impossible but actually as painful as it was impossible. For, if after a million years another order of man was to arise, an order who soaked their gentle souls in perpetual agreement, they were not his brethren. We may read in "Idle Days in Patagonia" his words upon the reward of the pioneer. The reward was struggle and a bright vision of victory which though never attained was glorious when the issue lay even between Man and Nature. And as the struggle of natural man against the untamed world was the pioneer's real life, so the great and endless drama of the world lay in the struggles of man against man, in the rise and power and fall of race and race. What the end should be none could foretell. It might at last issue that a semi-castrate or etiolated tribe of man obeyed in settled and instinctive obedience the rigid laws of equal custom. Or again it might be that some great remaining races fought out their lives for dominance and found at last death and extinction for all mankind. Which picture would have appealed to Hudson is certain.

It may be that here I have added nothing to Hudson: nothing that may not be known to those who read him

rightly. But others may say I have taken something away, rent perhaps his seer's robe, disclosed him rather as a man like others, though powerful, than as a prophet or mere philanthropist. Perhaps, but education is not what we mostly think it. It is not instruction or addition. It is, for the greater and more useful part, the clarification of thought, the abstraction and destruction of acquired prejudice, a positive lessening of what we think we know so that we may begin to learn. Nothing is gained by regarding Hudson as a sacred figure, as some do. He was a big man who knew it, and though his bigness prevented in him any atrophy of human powers and instincts, it gave scope also for a charity and a kindness and thought for all the living world which too many great men have not possessed.

I am quite ready to see him robbed of the qualities of a 'great good man,' a peculiarly dreadful travesty of the most human personality I ever knew, provided he is furnished, not only with some, but with all the qualities healthy wise men delight in. If he was more, and he was superabundantly more, it was that his great human qualities were knitted together in a most remarkable equality. In most men we miss much, there are gaps in their architecture, lacunae in their script. An evil fairy blotted their inheritance so that they lack some quality. There are good men without humour and humourists without charity, and kind men who act cruelly without knowing it, and wise men who are half fools, and philosophers without knowledge who jostle for precedence with instructed idiots incapable of philosophy. It may be saying much, but looking back on the years when Hudson was my friend I cannot find in him any particular failure. If all that was human interested him it was because he was sanely and soundly human all round, and as he was perhaps the only man known to me of whom I can say as much, it is easy for me to put up with the imputation that I have made an ideal portrait of him and even to suffer such an accusation serenely.

# FICTION

## By MARGARET PRESCOTT MONTAGUE

HEAVENS, what is the matter with all my characters! Not one of them will budge. They've all stopped dead in the middle of their stories and gone to sleep; gone into a fatal coma presaging death itself. And here just a short time ago they were all so alive! But now, poor things! A deadly blight has fallen upon all of them. Not one of them will take up the thread of his or her story and finish the pattern I have so carefully planned.

There's "Virginia" for instance, up there at the edge of the woods—indeed the girl's been stuck there for two weeks or more. What's the matter with the creature! All she has to do to bring her story to a climax is to pick up her bunch of goldenrod and walk down the path to the house. " 'Virginia,' dear 'Virginia,' won't you please?—You who have told me so many stories about yourself—*wanted* to tell them to me—won't you please finish this one? All you have to do is to move out from among the blackberry brambles, step into the path—and really, it's such a good little trail! I think it would do the rest—fetch you straight down to the bottom of the hill and the end of your story. That young brother of yours that you're so fond of could bring you down, but alas! I don't yet know what he is called. I've tried a lot of names but he answers to none of them, and as long as I don't know how to call him, how can he call you? 'Virginia,' won't you please? Won't you please come home to your author dragging your tale behind you?" No, she won't! She who has been so alive, so distinct, walked about in my mind, and discussed the problems of life with me, she's dead now, poor girl! The goldenrod will have to be used for the funeral. But she needn't expect me to attend the obsequies!

When characters attempt suicide like this they get no countenance from their authors.

Well then, what about "Leah"? The gangplank of her story was all laid, all she had to do was to walk along it, board the ship of Romance and sail to a triumphant port. Poor "Leah," what a sad life the woman has had! She appeared in my mind only lately, confided to me much of her unhappy experience—wanted me to know all about it, felt I was the one person who could really understand—finished her story almost to the last paragraph, and then alas! fell into this strange coma. " 'Leah,' please go on! Won't you please—?" No, nothing from her today.

Well, anyway there's always "Pappy." If I speak to him in his own dialect it may woo him into life. "Say, 'Pap,' won't you tell me about that there wildcat you thought you seen up yander on The Ridge?" Hooray! "Pappy" does unlimber a bit—his own tongue is sweet to his ear! I can see him distinctly sitting before the fire in his own log cabin, and now he fetches out his plug of tobacco and "bites him off a chaw," which is always a good sign. "Go ahead, 'Pappy.' I'm all ready, all attention. . . . Go ahead, 'Pappy'. . . . Go a—oh, go to Guinea! Do you think I have time to sit here all day waiting for a temperamental old fellow like you?"

Well, I'll have a try at "Caroline" and that invalid sister of hers. "Caroline" is a writer herself; one would think she would be ready to help a fellow craftsman. No, she won't, the jade! And the invalid sister, "Lucy," does nothing but cough. "Caroline" is afraid "Lucy" is going into a decline—Well, she certainly declines everything today! "And the next time you want sympathy over 'Lucy's' cough, 'Caroline' my girl, you'll just step around to some other author!"

No, they're all stuck. Even my old familiar and fantastic friend "Tony Beaver" has retired into his log camp "Up Eel River," and apparently pulled the river in after him. This

is Death in The Desert—my mind is the desert, and the characters are lying around dead in it!

Suddenly it comes to me that they are not really dead but are waiting for something. "Caroline" puts up her hand in a delicate gesture for silence; "Pappy" glances quickly over his shoulder, and even "Lucy" stops coughing to listen. Why all of them are waiting for something—for somebody. They've caught the sound of an approach I haven't heard yet, and there they are, all listening, expecting—hoping—

Why, here is "Peter"!

"Well, but 'Peter,' who are you? I never saw you before in all my life; how did you happen to pop into my mind? As far as I know I had no sign out, 'Peter needed,' 'Boy wanted,' or anything like that, so how did you happen to come, and how did all those other characters know you were on the way? 'Peter,' you are charming! I do like you, but where in the world did you come from! One minute ago there was just nothing, and now here you are! Oh, you needn't laugh! Of course I recognize some of the snips and snails, and puppy dogs' tails out of which you are compounded, and I also know only too well the emotion which informs you! Nevertheless it is extraordinary that out of this scrap-heap of fact, fancy, and emotion, there should arise 'Peter'!"

"Peter" smiles at me most engagingly and begins in a Southern drawl, "We 'as skeered about the fella — we thought he was gonna d-i-e!"

"O 'Peter'! How dreadful! Will you tell me all about it some day?" No, not *some* day—apparently it's got to be *this* day! That is why "Peter" has come, and that is what all the others have been waiting for. This is his day. You might think it was Monday, or Tuesday, or Wednesday, or *anyway* Friday, but no, it's "Peter's" day! It's the only day in all the year on which he will tell me that story about the "feller" they thought "was gonna die," and I'm the only author in all the world to whom he will tell it—now or never! Me or nobody! Such is "Peter."

"All right then, 'Peter,' go ahead! The others won't budge anyhow until you are through. They've all picked up their stories and stepped out of the ring. Very polite of them, I'm sure! But also very trying to their author. Very well, 'Peter,' all ready now! But stop a bit—What's the title of your story?" "Why, how could it be anything but 'Here Is Peter'?" "Of course, I see it couldn't and if it can only have one title then it will have no zigzagging, but will shoot straight to the mark. Go ahead, 'Peter,' you're alive anyway. Wait, wait, not quite so fast! I can't take dictation as fast as that."

"Peter" is absolutely adorable! So real, so in a hurry to crowd his story into my hand ("Not so fast, please!"). All the other characters, having accorded "Peter" the spotlight, have retired to the fringe of my mind, and settled themselves to listen to him. And now because he is so alive, he somehow infuses vitality into them. They needed "Peter" as badly as a cynical world needed Charles Augustus Lindbergh, and they are sure if Lindbergh had not flown the Atlantic in that perfect flight, "Peter" would have done it. "Virginia" up there at the edge of the woods relaxes at last, and sits down. Poor girl! I should think she'd be glad to; she's been stuck there in exactly the same position for two mortal weeks. She sits down, and half listens to "Peter" and half philosophizes about him, as is her way. "Pappy" likes "Peter" immensely—"Be dogged if he don't put me right much in mind of one time when I was a young feller." "Pappy" bites him off a fresh "chaw" with eagerness. "All right, 'Pappy'—all right, but just keep that story until tomorrow. Remember you wouldn't give it to me when I wanted it, and now 'Peter' 's on the wire." "Caroline" is laughing over my difficulties with "Peter's" lingo. "O 'Caroline,' does he say 'at,' or 'dat,' for that?"

"Peter" has the most charming way of confiding his story rather than telling it, and every now and then a little singsong picks up his words with a rising inflection and hands them over to me, as though he said, "This is just for you—

for you! I wouldn't—*couldn't*—tell it to any other author on earth." "O 'Peter,' what a flatterer! Not quite so fast—*please!*"

And so "Peter's" story comes in, comes in almost as fast as I can write it, spinning itself into my mind, running like a smooth shuttle without hitch or tangle. But why does it come so easily when no amount of effort on my part could disentangle the threads of all those other stories? And where does it come from? Oh, of course I know something of its composition, but what transferred it suddenly from the outer world of fact into the inner of fancy? Made "Peter" himself appear, take on personality, and walk about there within the walls of my mind? Did an unheard trumpet blow somewhere so that all the rags and tags of fact and emotion within me were precipitated into a pattern called "Peter"? And how much does emotion have to do with fiction? Oh, no doubt a very great deal. There was once an author who experienced an emotion so intense that it transmuted itself into four short stories and an essay before it was exhausted. And even then there was enough left over for a poem or two.

Possibly emotion is the magnet by which stories are drawn into the mind. One may think they are "made up" when perhaps after all they are "drawn in." Perhaps they are out there blowing around somewhere in space when all at once an opening appears in an author's mind and a story squeezes through it, and appears all ready to be poured into words. "Oh," some reader may exclaim, "Is that the way people write?" Well, *sometimes* — one must take with a grain of salt what is said about writing—and let the salt be Attic!

Well, "Peter's" story is finished. It rose at the end like a rocket, burst into a shower of words, and disappeared into the dark. "Oh, thank you! Thank you, 'Peter'!"

We exchange a gay salute. Mine says, "Come again!" His says, "Perhaps!" He vanishes, but he has left his tale

behind him. Where has he gone? I don't know, but I wouldn't put it beyond "Peter" to approach some other author, and say in just the same engaging manner with which he wooed me, "I couldn't tell *this* story to any other writer on earth, but just you!"

And now that "Peter's" story is finished, there is a rattling of dry bones, and all the other characters show signs of life, and indicate a desire to continue with their narratives. "All right, good people! But not today—today is 'Peter's' day: and anyway, what do you think I'm made of?" But now at last how alive you all are! "Virginia" is all ready now to step into the little path; "Pappy" longs to tell me about that wildcat, and "Leah" has a fresh trouble which she wishes to confide to me. As I walk about in my thoughts, looking at you, numbering the hairs of your head, all at once I am half afraid you may suddenly come to life right there inside my head, and if you did, goodness knows what would become of me! I'm afraid I'd split up like a glass snake into half a dozen pieces; and which would be me, which you, and which the original author, heaven only knows!

But now you are really alive, and tomorrow things will begin to happen; the stick will beat the dog, the dog will bite the pig, the pig will get over the stile, and I really shall get home with a story from one of you before dark! And all thanks to "Peter"! But who was "Peter," why is a writer, and what is fiction?

# SINCE VERSAILLES

## By WILLIAM MARTIN

### I

NATIONS are so closely interdependent in the world of today that isolation is an absolute impossibility. What has happened in Europe in the last ten years has shown the attentive observer that the history of the League of Nations has been determined in all its phases by the fact that the United States was not a member. Thus the United States has exercised through its abstention an influence which, though negative, has been not the less profound than that which it would have exercised positively by taking part in the League's activities. It is not even an exaggeration to say that neither the history of the League of Nations nor the course it has taken during these ten years could be understood except by envisaging it from the point of view of America's non-participation.

Without wishing to revert here to the reasons the American people may have had for not ratifying the signature of its delegates at Paris, we shall be permitted to recall one at least without which it would be impossible to understand what follows.

The League of Nations is not mere ideology: it is political fact. Every confederation in history has been born from the meeting of two currents, one moral, the other material. Whether one take Switzerland in the thirteenth century, the United States in the eighteenth, or the League of Nations in the twentieth, one observes a phenomenon of the same nature: on the one hand economic relations which have become close and which exact a common organization, on the other a moral aspiration which may in certain cases be liberty, in others peace. The League of Nations is not an exception

in this respect; it was rendered necessary by the intensification of international economic relations and possible through the nations' ardent desire never to see war again.

Though it may be admitted that this moral aspiration is common to both Europe and the United States, it should be noted that from the material point of view the position of the latter is very different from that of the European countries. Politically, its isolation from every other powerful country assures it complete security. Economically, its abundance in raw materials, the strength of its agricultural production, and the immensity of its domestic market exempt it from the worries which weigh on the daily life of European peoples. From the social point of view, finally, the relative scarcity of labor makes Europe's social difficulties, which are all caused by over-population, almost incomprehensible. In all these spheres, in which the League offered the peoples of Europe definite hopes, it impressed the American people as useless or at least remote.

This explains to some extent the decision of Congress not to ratify the Treaty of Versailles. But we must doubtless look for more emotional reasons if we would make clear the hostile withdrawal of the American government in its relations to the League during the period from 1920 to 1924. The official letters of the secretary general went unanswered, and a spirit of competition drove America, in such a field as disarmament, to make efforts outside the League. Thus it happened that at the time of the Washington Conference of 1921-22, the Department of State made the League of Nations feel distinctly that the presence of an observer at Washington, even a wholly unofficial one, would not be favorably regarded.

## II

This attitude had two effects on the League. In the first place, it gravely weakened it in the political sphere; and this was true especially in its relations with those League members whose states are situated on the American continent.

The article in the League Pact which, inserted at President Wilson's request, excepts the Monroe Doctrine, would have presented no difficulty if the United States had become a permanent member of the Council. In each case the Council, which must reach its decisions unanimously, would have had to take account of American prepossessions, but in each case it would have been in a position to know exactly the official interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine and perhaps to exercise some influence on it. As it was, the absence of an American delegate at the Council table made impossible any conversation about the import of the Monroe Doctrine and, as this is not known with precision, the Council has felt itself paralyzed through fear of a possible conflict with the United States. This is why the League has at various times refused to mix in questions which seemed to fall within its competence, but which bore especially on South America. This was notably the case in 1920 and in 1921, when Peru and Bolivia urged the application of Article XIX of the Pact to the Tacna-Arica conflict.

The absence of the United States had still another political result, and several members of the League of Nations, Canada, in particular, endeavored to overcome certain of the American objections by giving as restricting an interpretation as possible to the League Pact, on points under discussion. They even went so far as to propose dropping Article X, which constitutes one of the main supports of the Pact, and they interpreted Article XVI on sanctions in a very limited sense.

These efforts prove that the world had not realized at this time how profoundly determined America was to stay out of the League. It was believed that nothing more than a momentary sulkiness, caused by domestic politics, was involved, and that the United States would not be long in taking its place again in the League of Nations. European statesmen were perhaps not very profoundly convinced of the utility of an institution which had been created chiefly to

please President Wilson; nevertheless they felt that there would be danger in allowing this institution to be jeopardized, and that some day the American people, recovered from its suspicions, would reproach them with it. This is why they strove to make the League of Nations live. As they were not very desirous of increasing its political rôle, for fear of offending the United States on several points, they fell back on purely technical activities.

## III

It must be remembered in this connection that at the peace conference two fundamental conceptions met in opposition. For the Anglo-Saxon delegations, the League was to be essentially a political institution, designed to forestall wars and to render them impossible. The Europeans, rather sceptical of this aspect of the League's activities, insisted on the contrary upon the services it could render in the economic sphere. The experiments made in the course of the war by the interallied organizations at London, which had permitted a relatively satisfactory provisioning of Europe in a time of famine, seemed to them of such a sort as to prove that an international organization could, even in time of peace, render great services in the economic field. Quite naturally, through the absence of the United States, the first of these conceptions was weakened and the second strengthened, and it is not by chance that all the early activities of the League should have been of an economic nature: the labor conference at Washington in 1919, the financial conference at Brussels in 1920, the communications and transport conference at Barcelona in the spring of 1921, the financial relief of Austria and Hungary.

But in the spring of 1921, an unexpected event took place which completely changed the bases of this problem. It had been believed that on the morrow of the war world industry was going to pass through a period of great prosperity. Stocks were exhausted and had to be replenished. Men were lacking because of the losses of the war; raw materials

were insufficient for the demands of industry and prices were climbing. Suddenly, in the spring of 1921, for reasons which we need not fathom here, the nature of the economic crisis was transformed through and through. The fall of the exchange in certain countries made it impossible for them to buy raw materials with sound money. Their production ceased. As a result the price of raw materials dropped. The peoples' capacity for consumption was stricken and finally almost nobody could either buy or, in consequence, sell. A crisis from the lack of laborers was suddenly followed by a crisis of unemployment. Now the League of Nations, if it was geared to the expectation of under-production, was not prepared for a crisis of under-consumption which posed entirely new and ill-understood problems. At the same time the political activities from which it had turned during the early months of its existence, presented themselves with great insistence. In the Upper Silesian affair as in the Corfu affair the League, if it was not in a position to pronounce ideally equitable judgments, nevertheless discharged its function, which is essentially the maintenance of peace. Its prestige was thereby increased. It was perhaps even more raised by the collapse of the Ruhr affair, undertaken without its coöperation. The French elections of 1924, directly due to this failure, introduced into the French delegation a change of personnel which coincided with the rise to power of the Laborites in England and brought to Geneva two diplomatic teams determined to base their national policies on the League of Nations.

The League then gained more and more confidence in itself. It recognized at the same time that the non-participation of the United States had not the temporary character ascribed to it. This is why it gave up completely the policy of weakening the Pact to make it acceptable to the Americans and adopted the precisely opposite policy of strengthening as much as possible the provisions of the Pact and the efficacy of the League. The Geneva protocol constitutes the

programme of this new policy. It is the opposite of everything done up to that time.

It seems that the American people on its side had begun about this time to realize that the League of Nations, whether or not it seemed acceptable to them, was good for Europe. In any case it grasped the fact that the League was in a condition to live, even without the United States. Its death had been so often announced that it was becoming obvious that it was not dead. If the League was able to live, even without the United States, if it was a political reality, then the United States could not ignore it and its own interest dictated that it be taken into account.

Therefore a movement towards increasing collaboration developed. This collaboration was at first purely individual; certain American citizens would lend the support of their experience, their technical knowledge, or their personal authority to the League of Nations. Next a more and more official collaboration developed: at first in the humanitarian sphere, in all that concerns the fight against narcotics for example, then in the field of technology. It is in this way that there appeared at the economic conference of 1927 a very important delegation from the United States. At last the American government took one more step and consented to collaborate in tasks of a political nature, such as disarmament. At present, it may be said that there is scarcely any practical difference between the United States and the members of the League, unless it be in the matter of paying dues.

Perhaps we may point out also that this development coincided with what we should like to call the rebirth of American idealism. America went to war in a purely disinterested way and for idealistic reasons. But inevitably the American people, being distant from the theater of war and not having under their eyes the daily spectacle of the woes it brings and the effort it involves, had at this time to be educated by an active propaganda. The same conditions held at the time of the peace conference, and one of our most vivid memories

is the impression we got, in the Autumn of 1918, in the United States, of this immense rising of a people in favor of purely spiritual values.

No doubt at that time there had been some excesses. At any rate the morrow of the war seemed marked by a decline of American idealism and a return to economic preoccupations. But this wave did not last, and America, recovering her true nature, soon began to interest itself in less material activities.

## IV

We Europeans believed we could perceive the formation of a double movement in the United States in favor of peace. One was frankly oriented towards the League of Nations and it is thanks to its efforts and to the powerful effect it was able to exercise on a people more accessible than any other to a just argument, that in 1926 the American Senate resolved to face squarely the question of joining the World Court. But a misunderstanding occurred at this time which throws much light on the disadvantages attending the position of mutual distrust in which the American government finds itself in relation to the League. Indeed, the Senate, having the legitimate desire to obtain in favor of the United States a position in the International Court of Justice equal to that of other States and analogous to that which the United States would have had itself if it had belonged to the League, formulated reservations which, through unfortunate wording, did not appear acceptable to the League.

One of these reservations, indeed, treated as settled a question of law which is not settled and which is even highly debatable. Starting from the idea that the Council cannot, except by unanimous vote, ask an advisory opinion from the International Court of Justice, the United States invoked the right of veto on requests of this kind. Now the Council has always refrained from settling the question of whether it has the right to ask advisory opinions of the Court by mere majority vote or whether unanimity is necessary. A great

many sincere friends of the League see in the procedure of advisory opinions, which permits removing international conflicts from politics and redirecting them into purely legal channels, a powerful means of assuring peace and understanding between peoples. They were not, then, disposed to allow a barrier to this procedure that would have been insurmountable in the future. This is why, while regretting that they could not accept the adhesion of the United States under this form, they felt themselves obliged to maintain a juridical point of view which is a guarantee of the future.

The rather unfortunate character of this first official contact resulted without doubt in strengthening the other current of pacifism in the United States, the one which was tending towards the outlawry of war and which, in certain aspects of its philosophy, appeared hostile to the League. In the eyes of certain Americans, the League Pact, far from being competent to guarantee peace, seems rather of a nature to bring about war. This idea results from an erroneous conception of the sense of Article XVI of the Pact, the character of which is exclusively preventive. If the League members have mutually engaged themselves to bring each other aid, if they have reached the point of defining the sanctions which may be applied to a State guilty of violating its international engagements, it is not with the hope of really executing these threats, but on the contrary with the very well founded hope that these threats themselves, by their drastic character, would suffice to stop all aggression and consequently to render all future war impossible. But it must be noticed that the preventive nature of the League's sanctions is not a familiar idea to a large number of Americans and that the latter detest war and dread above everything to find themselves dragged into one through the play of the sanctions in Article XVI.

Between these two conceptions, similar in purpose but differing in method, for all this, there seems to have been reached a certain agreement when some eminent and well-

known Americans at Geneva presented to M. Briand the suggestion from which was to spring a little later the solemn offer of a mutual pact of non-aggression between France and the United States.

Let us recall here, then, the well-known origin of the Pact of Paris: how a French public opinion, powerfully organized, was able to overcome certain official and political objections, and how in the end the United States placed its signature on one of the most important juridical acts of our time.

In Europe, it seems, there has not been enough honor paid to the greatness of this gesture of the American people. History shows that all the great powers, in the course of their evolution, one day reached a point where they were tempted to exercise world hegemony. Spain, England, France twice, Germany, Russia successively climbed the road which seemed to lead to triumph and which ended in catastrophe. Italy herself seems in our times to be undergoing a wave of feeling of the same kind and the shouts of her government are probably explained by the shock of this tendency to hegemony against the new international tendencies which the world has secured and which put an end to this in advance.

The moral position of the American people is very different. It is at a time when a material power without equal in history seems to permit the American people the vastest ambitions, that it declares to the world: These weapons of ours we solemnly forbid ourselves ever to use.

This gesture has moreover great theoretical and practical bearing. It constitutes in the field of international law a veritable revolution, since it puts an end to the theory, until now universally admitted, that even an unjust war is juridically legitimate. But it is its practical importance above all which strikes us, and in order really to measure this, we must glance at the changed nature of international relations and of the security of peoples.

## V

The security which is talked about so much today (but which does not represent a new idea) used to rest on a double basis: armaments and alliances. There is a sense in which these two forms of security are fundamentally the same. Armaments have no value for a country unless they are superior to the armaments of every possible adversary. Since every country, in its relations to its neighbors, is in an identical situation, it is impossible to conceive of a peace founded on armaments, without there being a competition in armaments between eventual adversaries. This, it will be remembered, was what took place during the decades preceding the world war. Since the strength of every country is limited by the number of its inhabitants and by its material resources, a day must necessarily come when the final point of this race in armaments is reached. On that day each country seeks to prolong its effort by alliances, which in effect join to its own army the material strength of others. Furthermore, in a system which rests solely on power, the little States would lack all security unless supported by the great States: for little States, alliances are not an aid to security but security itself. It was not the exhaustion of their armaments that obliged them to seek alliance, but alliances which obliged them to arm. The result was indeed the same and dragged every country into this race of death.

By the terms of the League Pact, security rests on an entirely different base. Article XVI, which provides international sanctions against an aggressor State, has, as we have said, an essentially preventive character. Since there does not exist a single country in the world independent enough economically and financially to be able to risk war against all the other countries combined, it can be said that the threat contained in Article XVI is absolute and that no country is in a position to ignore it. This one condition, though, must be fulfilled—we must be certain beforehand that the League Pact will be universally applied.

In 1919, at the moment the Pact was signed, we do not exaggerate when we say that this certainty existed; but the basis of the system has been profoundly modified by the refusal of the United States to enter the League. To appreciate this fact, one need but recall that the sanctions rest essentially on the blockade of the aggressor State and that every blockade, to be efficacious, must in the last analysis be a blockade by navies. It was therefore the fleets of England and the United States that were originally thought of as the means of executing the League decrees; decrees rendered, let us recall, unanimously and consequently with the consent of every permanent member of the Council.

But the instant one of the two countries is no longer bound by the terms of the Pact, the task of the other is rendered extremely trying. In case of sanctions, the blockade would have to be applied by the English fleet alone. That would not have much importance, since their fleet suffices for a task of this kind, if the attitude of the American fleet could be definitely known in advance. But by reason of the divergences which exist between the conceptions of maritime law in the United States and in England, this is not wholly certain. Cases could arise, or at least could be conceived, in which the government of the United States would insist on guarding its commercial relations with a blockaded State. It was problems of this sort, as everybody knows, that led the United States twice in a century to take arms against a European power, and it is natural that England should not have forgotten it.

This is why the British government, while remaining bound by the League of Nations Pact, has for ten years never ceased to interpret it in the most restricted fashion possible and to weaken the application of its engagements. Again it was fear of the United States, or at least the fact that it was remaining outside of international engagements of this nature, which led the British government in 1925 to reject the Geneva Protocol. Now the failure of the Proto-

col rendered disarmament impossible and this impossibility in its turn increased the insecurity which weighs on the nations and blocks definitive stabilization of the European continent.

## VI

The Kellogg Pact does not modify this situation juridically, since it contains no obligation to intervene. But it is important to emphasize here that what Europe and the League ask of the United States is by no means positive collaboration in the application of eventual sanctions. In every case that could arise, Europe is in a position to meet the situation by its own means. The only thing that really matters is to know in advance what the attitude of the American government will be towards operations intended to put an end to a brutal aggression. If it be remembered that the aggressor can be determined only by unanimous vote of the Council and consequently only in cases where such aggression is flagrant, it seems to the peoples of Europe that the assurance of good will which they ask of America is not unrealizable. In any case the Kellogg Pact, without containing any assurance of this kind, does put the mind at rest on two points. In the first place, it renders conversations between the government of the United States and the members of the League not only easy but necessary. Every war undertaken in violation of the League Pact will be equally and ipso facto in violation of the Kellogg Pact as well. The United States being a party to this treaty, it will be wholly natural for the other signatories of this same treaty to consult the Washington government as to its intentions. These conversations could in a period of crisis contribute powerfully to the maintenance of peace. Furthermore, if the Council undertook to designate an aggressor, this aggressor by that very fact would be guilty of breaking a Pact with the United States, and could scarcely count on the active support of the American nation. Consequently the Kellogg Pact, however uncertain some of its provisions may appear, lessens greatly

the risks England will have to assume in case of international complications and consequently increases the security of nations and facilitates disarmament. This is what stands out as the result of the recent London conference.

Although these results may have failed to fulfil all the hopes placed in naval parity, the fixing of parity between England and the United States puts an end in advance to a race in armaments which would have had consequences more tragic than the pre-war rivalry of France and Germany.

Furthermore the agreement which was successfully reached on the method of naval armaments permits the resumption of general disarmament by the League. It may be recalled that the preparatory commission on disarmament was blocked in the spring of 1927 by a difficulty resulting from the divergence between France and England on the method of limiting fleets. Today, this difficulty having been resolved, nothing prevents the commission from resuming its task and before long arriving at a plan for a general agreement. This plan would have to be submitted to the disarmament conference and it is probably at that point that the difficult problem of Franco-Italian parity would present itself afresh. But at least an important stage has been reached and difficulties that a short while ago appeared insoluble have been surmounted.

The consequences of the Kellogg Pact, and of the arrival in power of President Hoover on the one hand and the Labor party on the other, have permitted other interesting developments inside the League. Last September, England signed Article XXXVI of the statute of the International Court of Justice; that is to say she accepted for herself and for her dominions the compulsory jurisdiction of the Court in matters of juridical conflict. The example she gave thereby has been followed by such a large number of States that today this compulsory jurisdiction has become almost general, while in 1920 it still seemed Utopian.

In the same way, thanks to Mr. Elihu Root, who visited

Geneva in the spring of last year, the reservation which the American Senate attached to adhesion by the United States to the World Court, found an interpretation acceptable both to the League of Nations and to the government of the United States.

Finally, at the instance of the British government, the Assembly of the League of Nations decided to amend the Pact in order to make it harmonious with the Kellogg Pact; that is to say, to eliminate all remaining mention of the possibility of waging a juridically legitimate war. This should have the effect of definitely closing the door on war.

## VII

We once had the occasion to ask an American senator of the isolationist party whether he really believed in the possibility of a great nation's isolating itself politically from the rest of the world: "Oh, of course," answered this senator, "we do not want to be isolated from world trade."

This answer is characteristic; diplomacy is nothing other than the protection of foreign commerce, and a country that does not wish to isolate itself economically finds it impossible in the long run to remain outside international politics.

This impossibility is greater for the United States than for any other country, by reason of its power and of the importance of its economic relations. It is becoming more impossible every day, by reason of the investments of capital abroad that America is making, and is obliged to make. The problem of international debts is settled today and it would occur to nobody to start up again an irritating polemic on this point. But it must be remembered, because it is a law of economics and always true, that although Europe is to pay what she owes the United States and what the United States demands of her in full right, it is impossible to transfer these sums from Europe to America either in the form of gold, because Europe has none, or in the form of goods, because the United States refuses to receive them.

The present raising of the tariff can only accentuate this situation. Therefore we must conclude that, in one form or another, the United States is obliged to re-employ in Europe itself the sums the European countries pay over to it. In consequence, its capital investment in this continent is steadily growing and the interest America must take in European affairs, the interest it must take in maintaining peace in the old world, must increase in proportion.

Such being the circumstances, it is not becoming for us to say in what form the United States shall interest itself in European politics; but we can assert that it cannot do otherwise than become in some way interested. This evolution, which is bringing our continents nearer and nearer together, will be necessarily slow, for ideas are exchanged less quickly than merchandise, and economic conditions come long before man's comprehension of them. But the speed of this evolution has nothing to do with the case. What interests us is its direction, for in any case the League has time to wait. It lives and it will continue to live without the United States. It has given proof that it can do this. It has already gained the collaboration of the United States in a large number of essential fields. This collaboration is valuable. It contributes to the strengthening of the League. But the League is today sufficiently grounded in the consciousness of the peoples and in economic reality to have eternity before it. In its eyes days no longer count.

# POETRY

## *LONE HOUSE*

TWO old maids owned a ruined hut
Upon a stormy hill; at night
They crouched with all the shutters shut,
Big eyed in gloomy candle light.

One maid was thin, one maid was fat;
The eyes of both were lonely wells.
One owned a dove, one owned a cat;
Each loved her pet, and nothing else.

And hours and hours the thin one sat
Beside her dove and whispered low;
The fat one stroked her drowsy cat;
Both felt they brought love nearer so.

But one day while they sat in church,
Consoled to hear that all is love,
The cat leapt lithely to the perch,
And lovingly consumed the dove;

And when the thin maid tottered in
Unribboning her dusty bonnet,
A quill lay where her dove had been;
A cat's black paw was still upon it.

At once she raised her stiff umbrella
And pounded the black cat to death;
The fat one entered screaming, "Ella,
The cat was mine," then gasped for breath.

Their sombre eyes ached sullen flames,
They felt their loneliness like dread;
They called each other hateful names;
The only things they loved were dead.

They wrung their shrivelled hands, they cleft
The musty gloom with tetchy whines;
They packed their mildewed bags, and left
On separate roads, with rigid spines.

And now the hut they left behind
Leans drably on the wintry hill;
Torn crows blow by, the dismal wind
Hums outside; inside, all is still.

JOHN BRYAN

## *THE OPEN EYE*

THERE is a salt-marsh far away,
Perilous and deep,
The heavy oakwoods lean above,
Blue herons walk in sleep
Around the ponds of indigo
As herons walked ages ago.

Not all the wings of all the birds
Could wake that place to sound,
The bees upon the rosemary
Hang golden, drunk, and drowned,
In the air there stirs no breath,
The birches stand as white as death.

The dark ponds have an evil depth
As fathomless as sky.
Though sleep has bent the sedges down,
Some very open eye
Is watching hot and steady there
Like a spider in its snare.

ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

## *THE HORSE-SHOES*

ALONG a mile of mud the tide
Comes flooding in full might,
And through it thrust a thousand heads
With eyes but never sight.

Drab creatures crawl into the light
Whose heads and trunks are one
And lift their wide and patient eyes
Sightless to the sun.

No holier creatures ever raised
Useless eyes to plead
For the love of him who sowed
The universe with seed.

Unanswered through the ages still
The horse-shoes seek the air,
Before Troy was, or Nineveh,
These heads were raised in prayer.

Aeons since, some creeping thing
Came as they come now
And never turned back to the sea
To hide its daring brow.

Other creatures came to pray
And won the light for friend,
Grew eyes, and set their feet upon
The ladder with no end.

Perhaps they will themselves one day
Know the worlds above.
Patience is on them like a crown
And the scourge of love.

ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

# DUBOSE HEYWARD

## By EMILY CLARK

THE Reviewer and the Poetry Society of South Carolina were responsible for a long series of letters between DuBose Heyward and me before we met. I had, however, long heard of DuBose, not only as a dawning poet, but as a part of the Charleston that every properly brought up Virginian knows, quite outside the Poetry Society. I had already seen him, through the eyes of friends, under the Lady Banksia roses on Josephine Pinckney's porch in King Street, laying, with Josephine and Hervey Allen and Laura Bragg and Beatrice Ravenel and John Bennett, the foundations of a Poetry Society later to become unique among Southern Poetry Societies. But I did not see him with my own eyes until several years later, on a January evening at the Goose Creek Club near Charleston, an evening black enough to serve as a setting for "The Half Pint Flask," should that story ever follow "Porgy" to Broadway. Lady Banksia roses were now a memory and a hope, and the night was as wet and chill as only a far Southern night can be to a visitor who twenty-four hours earlier has left the North in search of sunshine. The group of young men and women, later organized to preserve the Spirituals, were not then organized, but quite spontaneously, at their own parties, sang them simply for their own entertainment. That night, at supper at the Goose Creek Club, we were lucky. Several Negroes about the place dropped in unpremeditatedly, soon, with their own tropic voices, to put all the rest of us to shame. For Spirituals are songs of passion, no less because the object of their passion is not to be carnally attained. When white folk sing them, however beautifully, these songs, of necessity, are ever so slightly travestied,

since passion is lacking. When the sophisticated Negroes of Manhattan sing them it is not much better. The simple souls of the unmixed black South, more than any people since the Age of Chivalry, regard themselves quite honestly as God's children, to whom He will be indulgent so long as they acknowledge the direct relationship. God's children lost in Egypt, it is true, but sturdily confident that He will lead them by the right way, triumphantly, into the Land of Canaan; without bleak and dreary moral responsibilities of their own, merely the single obligation of an unshakable faith in His loving-kindness. Across a firelit cabin, with the voice of the black South in my ears, I first saw DuBose, who was smiling the tired, luminous smile that is his most characteristic expression. He looked as if the introductory verses to "Porgy," those verses which sufficiently state his position toward the Negroes he knows and loves best, were at that moment in his head. And perhaps they were, for it was the winter he was writing "Porgy."

A little later in the evening he spoke to me of "Porgy," in which he was then absorbed, and this was my first intimation that DuBose, like so many poets of our day—Mr. Cabell, Elinor Wylie, Robert Nathan and others—had sagaciously regarded his poetry as a training school for prose. He told me too of the real Porgy, the Charleston beggar of whose name and personality and goat cart the principal character of the book was born, who is now buried on one of the sea-islands. And I met Dorothy, who had lately become Dorothy Heyward, as a result of their meeting at the MacDowell Colony in Peterborough. I noticed too, the odd resemblance between the future authors of a spectacularly successful play, a resemblance which caused Charleston to say they seemed more like twin brother and sister than like husband and wife. A resemblance which to me, through their apparent fragility and the not to be ignored appeal of the four very large, very luminous, very brown eyes which together they own, always suggests Hänsel and Gretel lost

in a wood, perhaps of their own making. When DuBose spoke of "Porgy" I was not surprised. He had written a number of poems when he first began to write for The Reviewer. Some of the verses we published appeared later in "Skylines and Horizons," the first and only book of verse of which he was sole author. For "Carolina Chansons" was written in collaboration with Hervey Allen. Both of these books appeared during the life of our magazine. I like to remember that DuBose's first prose appeared in The Reviewer. Its title was "And Once Again—the Negro." This is why the announcement of "Porgy" did not surprise me. I was, however, doubtful of its future, for "Green Thursday" had appeared, without wide acclamation, the preceding autumn, and "Black April," Julia Peterkin's first success, did not appear until more than two years after this winter of 1925. As we drove back into Charleston that night through a live-oak wood mournful with grey moss draped in damp festoons, then more black than grey, with none of the smoked-pearliness which, in sunshine or moonlight, bewitches a Carolina forest, I remembered DuBose's first public meditations upon Negroes, and my correspondence with him, leading gradually to that article in The Reviewer of October, 1923. Since the Poetry Society of South Carolina was born in Charleston in 1921, almost simultaneously with The Reviewer in Richmond, my first letter from DuBose, its first secretary, in 1921, was exclusively concerned with the aims of this society: "The Poetry Society of South Carolina," it informed me, a bit grandiloquently, "is actively engaged in fostering literary activity throughout the South. This is not being done from a provincial or sectional spirit, but because, as Miss Harriet Monroe has so well put it: 'no one can deny that the world's most precious masterpieces . . . sprang out of local loyalties, and attained to universality because the locale, grandly handled, becomes as wide as the earth.' "

The next year he wrote, after my retaliative demands for

The Reviewer: "I read your letter at our last meeting, and gave The Reviewer a good shove, but as we have just concluded a subscription campaign for the poetry magazines, I am afraid that the immediate results in the way of subscriptions will be discouraging." (They were!) "We are going to do all we can for you in the future, and will give you a good send off in our Year Book. I have been wanting to send something of mine to The Reviewer for some time, but have been unable to give a moment to my own work. However, I am enclosing a sonnet from the negro group of 'Carolina Chansons,' which, as you know, will be published in the fall by Hervey Allen and myself. If you care for this sonnet, please accept it with my blessings, but if it does not appeal to you, do not hesitate to fire it back, and be assured in advance that I will understand and will try you again with something else later." Unlike many undesired and now forgotten poets on our list, DuBose was unfailingly good-humoured, and sympathetic with our erratic business methods. When, three months later, I notified him that his first contribution was accepted, with an apology for the unconscionable delay, he wrote from the MacDowell Colony: "I understand too well the difficulties of running an organization without the proper facilities to have the least feeling about the delay in acknowledging my poem. I am glad that you now have it, and that you like it. I do not write rapidly, and my output is small, but, if you want my things, I shall send you something now and then. . . . Next fall I shall make an effort to interest some people in The Reviewer, and when we get our year book up this October, I will give all the space I can afford to a boost for you. You certainly deserve all of the backing we can give you. Allen and I would like nothing better than to stop over and meet all of you, but we are so desperately anxious to get the last minute of our working time here, that we usually bolt for home without a second to spend on the way." Months later: "I am sending you two poems which express extremely different moods. I

hope you will like either or both of these well enough to use in The Reviewer. I am wondering whether you received your copy of our 'Carolina Chansons'. . . . I want you to see what we are doing in our part of the South." And, when I had, very naturally, accepted them: "I was very glad to hear from you, and to know that you liked my poems well enough to accept them for The Reviewer. You have maintained such a splendid standard that I appreciate the distinction of appearing in your magazine. I can quite understand how you are submerged with all of the work that you are doing; here in the South, we all have the same problem, and must do our creative work only in spare moments. . . . If I can do anything at any time for The Reviewer please call upon me."

In August, 1923, three months after this note, I received DuBose's first bit of prose, "And Once Again—The Negro." To Gerald Johnson belongs part of the credit for this début in prose, for DuBose wrote: "I read 'The Congo, Mr. Mencken' (published by Gerald Johnson in The Reviewer of July, 1923) with an awful joy." He continued: "Encouraged by the suicidal, but ecstatic, spirit that has entered into our fellow rebel, Gerald Johnson, I enclose, for your consideration, an observation or two upon the Negro, but I am only a poet, not an essayist. Perhaps this is a piece of bad prose art. At any rate, please do not hesitate to fire it back if you do not want it." And it is a cause for eternal thanksgiving on the part of The Reviewer that we did not "fire it back." It must also be noted that DuBose in this letter for the first time, contrary to the ancient Southern custom, capitalizes the word "Negro." This obscure little herald of "Porgy" filled just four pages with the completely successful social and sociological arrangements prevailing among the Charleston Negroes. These arrangements included a system of divorce, companionate marriage, disposal of the children, and a Lucy Stone League, all known to their originators by less depressing names. Since the article has

never been printed outside of The Reviewer I repeat here the last three paragraphs. They follow an account of an essay on Negro enlightenment lately read by DuBose in a magazine which took itself seriously.

"During the past summer, I met, in an advanced art circle, a young couple. The wife insisted upon retaining the 'Miss' and her maiden name. They were really quite devil-may-care, and advanced about it, and submitted to the embarrassment of explaining themselves to hotel clerks, and others who made bold to inquire, for the good of the cause. My washerwoman announced the other day that she had married. To my inquiry as to her present name, she replied: 'My Lord, do listen to the gentleman! Yer sure don't think I goin' ter be responsible for any nigger's name. No sir! And he ain't goin' ter get my name neither. I is a good washerwoman, an' I got my reputation to live up to. He can go along with his shoe-carpentering if he wants to, but it is me as brings home the chicken on Saturday night. Me take his name. No suh! Not me!'

"And so I listen to their stories, and let them go, but for them I experience a profound sadness. Are they an aeon behind, or an aeon ahead of us? Who knows? But one thing is certain: the reformer will have them in the fullness of time. They will surely be cleaned, married, conventionalized. They will be taken from the fields, and given to machines, their instinctive feeling for the way that leads to happiness, saved as it is from selfishness, by humour and genuine kindness of heart, will be supplanted by a stifling moral straitjacket. They will languish, but they will submit, because they will be trained into a habit of thought that makes blind submission a virtue.

"And my stevedore, there out of the window. I look at him again. I cannot see him as a joke. Most certainly I cannot contort him into a menace. I can only be profoundly sorry for him, for there he sits in the sunshine unconsciously awaiting his supreme tragedy. He is about to be saved."

In May, 1924, his last contribution to The Reviewer arrived, "Song at Parting," soon to appear in "Skylines and Horizons." A tide of literary celebrities had just receded from Richmond toward New York. Joseph Hergesheimer, alone, had proceeded southward to Charleston. DuBose, who met him there for the first time, wrote me: "I enjoyed Hergesheimer immensely. He says that he is coming back another year. I hope so. People like him are splendid for Charlestonians. Elinor Wylie would be wholesome also. She is a remarkable person. Dorothy and I spent an entire summer with her at MacDowell Colony. She was doing Jennifer that year, and would read each week's work to us on Sunday. She is just about the most brilliant woman that I know. That sounds trite, but I do not mean the word in its usual sense. I mean a sustained hard brightness that glitters and dazzles. . . . I have set myself the task of earning in eight months sufficient to support life for twelve, so that I might write for four. When my off time comes I can only dig into a hole somewhere and get my year's output done in four months. It shuts out all human intercourse—that is the hell of it."

It was the next winter, after The Reviewer's Chapel Hill migration, that I met my correspondent for the first time in the loveliest of American cities, though against a background closer to the setting of his first novel than to his own ancestral setting; the background, I think, of his next novel. DuBose Heyward is genealogically a part of that innermost core of Southern society which includes only portions of Maryland, Virginia, and Charleston, excluding even what is known to Charlestonians as "up-country" South Carolina. With this imposing tradition DuBose possesses the inestimable asset, as he himself recognizes with glee, of a boyhood so beset with poverty as to necessitate a job in a hardware store at the age of fourteen. At eleven, in the best Henty and Alger manner, he was delivering afternoon papers out of school hours. A few months ago we spoke of Thomas

Wolfe, one of DuBose's deep affections, who, belonging to a widely different South, possesses more than one academic degree. DuBose said: "He will be remembered when all the rest of us are utterly dead." And when someone said that "Look Homeward, Angel," had been enormously influenced by its author's Hellenic passion, he replied very simply: "I know nothing about that, because I have never studied Greek." DuBose is the eldest son of the eldest son in direct line from Judge Thomas Heyward, the Signer, and, according to his Charleston clan, should now live in the home of that ancestor, one of the most perfect eighteenth-century houses in Charleston. He has, to their disapproval since the success of "Porgy," insisted upon remaining in the house he built for himself in the North Carolina mountains—now occupied by himself and Dorothy and the newest member of the family, Jenifer DuBose Heyward—instead of buying back the home of his ancestors and returning to it like the third son in the fairy-tale. A lack of prosperity is shared by most of DuBose's breed in the South, and his own immediate and peculiarly exigent situation was the result of a minor Civil War tragedy. His grandfather DuBose and two old maiden ladies jointly inherited a large slave family, dividing it among themselves. Mr. DuBose later bought the two ladies' shares for himself. He died, leaving a large debt for slaves already freed by the Civil War, which closely followed his death. Both houses on the several thousand acres left to DuBose's mother had been burned, but the debt for vanished slaves endured and had to be met. After three years in a hardware store an attack of infantile paralysis kept DuBose completely helpless for three more years. Then, at twenty, he was able to take odd jobs around the waterfront, mainly clerical work in the warehouses, where he made friends with the Negro stevedores and collected material for "Porgy." At twenty-two he became, incredibly, an insurance salesman, and in ten years, as he grew gradually stronger, built up—inexplicably enough

—a fairly good business. But alas, his business success caused him, in his own words, to become "the world's most devoted society man," and a severe breakdown of a year's duration followed it. That decade, which included almost nightly balls, and membership in all the clubs, is recorded in "Mamba's Daughters," lately translated in France.

His first poems sprang from his year of illness, and were published in Poetry, The Atlantic Monthly, Contemporary Verse, and The Reviewer. The Poetry Society, whose home is in South Carolina Hall, older and more beautiful than Hibernian Hall, the home of The St. Cecilia, helped create an audience for both DuBose and Hervey Allen. After 1921, he arranged to use three months of the year for himself in either the North Carolina mountains or Peterborough. In June, 1924, Dorothy, whom he had married in 1923, suggested that he give up his job and write "Porgy." Tragedy faced them if the book failed, for every bridge had been burned behind them. Dorothy was eager to take the desperate chance, and, as everyone knows, "Porgy" did not fail. Dorothy then suggested and helped to make the dramatization of "Porgy" for the Theatre Guild. The rest of DuBose's story needs no telling, since it has proceeded as it began, in the approved Henty and Alger fashion. One of its latest chapters was set at a party of mine in New York, in a more or less cosmopolitan group. Rebecca West, who met him then for the first time, was later to meet him in London, where writers descending in age from Max Beerbohm to the author of "Serena Blandish" were gathered for him. On the New York evening when Raimun von Hoffmannsthal, son of Hugo von Hoffmannsthal, the Viennese novelist, learned that he was talking to the author of "Porgy" he could not contain his excitement. "My father," he exclaimed, "will be so very pleased when I tell him that I have seen you." And Miss West was equally satisfactory. At slightly exotic parties DuBose is likely to remind me, perhaps half-seriously, not to forget my "Virginia raising." And I on these occasions invariably reply that my ambition

includes manners unmistakably of Virginia and clothes and parties unmistakably of New York. With this he is forced to be content.

His present preoccupation is with the period in the South immediately preceding the War between the States, and he is now submerged in a study of that period, in relation to a future novel, which should give him an opportunity to reach the high-water mark of "Porgy." I, at least, believe it to be more definitely within his own range than the North Carolina mountain people of "Angel." My opinion, however, is perhaps unimportant, since, within or without the author's range, I do not like to read about mountain people. His next play is concerned, in his own words, with that unhappy borderline that exists between the Negro and poor-white classes in the South.

Last winter an argument of immense entertainment to me raged through several days in the literary columns of the New York World. A man wrote to complain that the hypothesis of "Mamba's Daughters" was in no respect valid. Lissa would not, he stated, have succeeded had she really been the product of sacrifices made by her mother and grandmother. "Heyward himself," he said, "is a self-made man. He would not be what he is today if he had been made by his family." He had heard the dramatic tale of the newsboy on the streets of Charleston. Immediately an indignant Charlestonian wrote to protest that DuBose was surely not a self-made man. Selling newspapers, protested the second writer, had nothing whatever to do with the matter. DuBose could never have learned, according to this writer, the things he plainly knew had he been self-made. I was, as I said, entertained. This nice definition of "self-made" is comprehensible only to the Southern mind. In the North, it is true, a newsboy risen to fame would very certainly be self-made, since only a boy badly in need of making sells papers there. In a small section of the South it has been different. Therefore the second writer, in a frantic effort to explain himself, choked helplessly with

rage in the public prints. And I do not know if the delicate adjustment upon which he insisted was ever made in the New York mind. The subject of this diverting argument remains quite hopelessly a Southern gentleman. In justice to him I must explain that I mean this in a strictly social, quite unliterary sense. I mean, too, that he is literally gentle, in every connotation of that word. Frances Newman did him less than justice when, in one of her rare enthusiasms for an American novel, she announced in Books, without exactly defining herself, that among her many reasons for liking "Porgy" was its "Southern gentleman's viewpoint." "Porgy" is assuredly no gentleman's job. It grew out of long hot hours of labour on the waterfront with Porgy's kind, hours in which the labourer learned the hearts and minds of black people, within those always rigidly fixed limits where, alone, white people can ever learn the hearts and minds of black people. From this hardly come by knowledge he made his beautiful novel. It is, however, completely true that only a gentleman would have been unafraid of all that Porgy's presentation meant. For fear and suspicion of the African race, rather than affection and sympathy, are a part of the middle and lower class temper of the white South.

Socially, however, his Southern gentlemanly condition is hopeless to a degree which makes him an enigma to some of his newer friends. At a tea for him at Alan Rinehart's which I left early to catch a train, I protested against his descending with me through numberless floors of a tall apartment building to secure a taxicab in the street outside. He was plainly very tired, and, "In New York," I explained, "men don't leave parties given in their honour to go down into a cold street to call taxis for women who take unnecessary trains when taxis are so easily picked up." Edna Ferber, standing near, lifted her hands in a gesture of despair: "He is incurably a Southern gentleman," she said, "and he doesn't know it's not done."

# FROM A TAHITIAN COMMONPLACE BOOK

By JAMES NORMAN HALL

GRASS and fern underfoot, growing blossoming things on all sides, wide-arching branches of mango and breadfruit trees to catch and scatter the sunlight: so carpeted, walled round, and canopied is the green solitude where stands my little house.

Throughout the afternoon there is deep silence here, but at nightfall the village wakens to life. I hear Mama Tu's voice, and old Nuna-Vahiné's, and Paoto's, and Rima's, and Teura's, and many more. They pass to and fro, unseen in the darkness of the groves, their bare feet making no slightest sound, and I imagine that I am listening to the voices of ghosts, floating slowly along on vagrant currents of air.

Their speech has the same charm for me that it had years ago when first I heard it. Only children of nature, isolated for centuries on such islands as this, could have fashioned words so warm and fragrant with the breath of the land, so cool and refreshing with the breath of the sea. They have words for morning moods as airy as bubbles of foam on the slope of a subsiding wave, and they seem, somehow, as evanescent, as though created for the moment only. They have drowsy noonday words, and words moist and fresh and beautifully sculptured, like fungus flowers, a yellow purau blossom, or a newly-burgeoned rain-tree leaf.

The texture of their voices is like that of smoke—the moonlight-filtered smoke of their supper fires; but often when children are speaking I hear cadences that remind me, by their tissue of resilient sound, of wind-blown spiderwebs sparkling with a mist of dew. Even in phrases of simple and commonplace meaning one feels the warmth of tropical sunlight and

seems to catch the humid spicy fragrance of tropical vegetation.

It is a light-hearted speech of a laughter-loving people. More than a century ago, after the advent of the early missionaries, it was set down in written characters wholly inadequate for the purpose. So it remains to this day, and students of the language must study it in this form, represented by these alien symbols.

But one need not, of course, study it. For my own part, I find it pleasure enough and profit enough to sit on my veranda in the darkness, while rich and harmonious sound-patterns are thrown, now here, now there, upon a curtain of starry silence.

. . . . .

Taio-Vahiné lives at one end of the village street, Nuna-Vahiné at the other. Their children have long since grown to manhood and womanhood and have gone elsewhere, on this or other islands, to live. Now the two women are at leisure and take their ease from year's end to year's end. Through long afternoons Taio-Vahiné sits in the shade of a breadfruit tree in her dooryard, her hands folded in her lap, gazing inland where cloud shadows move slowly across the slopes of the high fern-covered plateaus. Through long afternoons Nuna-Vahiné sits in the shade of a tamanu tree on the lagoon beach, her hands folded in her lap, gazing seaward where cloud reflections, now blurred, now clear, are mirrored on the surface of an ocean that seems never to have known a storm.

Yesterday, passing her bamboo hut, I paused for a moment to greet Taio-Vahiné.

"Is there news at this end of the village?" I asked.

She deliberated long before replying. Then she said: "One little news: Taura and his sons have gone bonito fishing."

Silence followed.

"Taio-Vahiné, you spend many hours sitting under this tree. I often wonder what you are thinking about?"

"Eaha?"

"What do you think about as you sit, day after day, under this old breadfruit tree?"

She regarded me with an expression of faint surprise.

"I think of nothing," she replied.

Returning by way of the beach I found Nuna-Vahiné in her accustomed place.

"May you live, Nuna-Vahiné," I said.

"And may you live. Where are you going?"

"For a swim in Vaipopo river."

We listened to the waves lapping on the sand, and watched the hermit crabs dragging their snailshell houses up the long slope to shelter from the westering sun.

"Pleasant to the eyes is the lagoon viewed from this spot," I observed.

She replied in the silent native fashion, with a swift, barely perceptible lifting and lowering of the eyebrows.

"I suppose you think of many things as you sit here these long afternoons?"

Then she too raised her head slowly, as Taio-Vahiné had done, and looked at me with the same expression of faint surprise.

"Why should I be thinking?" she said. "I am an old woman now. I am resting."

The trees that shade them are not more at peace with their world and with themselves than these two old women, ready and waiting patiently for what must soon come.

. . . . .

This small bay seems to have been fashioned by nature for the perpetual enjoyment of sea-loving children. The beach is of coral sand, packed hard and firm, and shaded by ironwood, tamanu, and pandanus trees. On its western side, sheltered by a sickle-shaped promontory, are sandy shallows where the two- and three- and four-year-olds may splash about in safety. Farther along, the lagoon floor shelves steeply to six fathoms, and at this point three coconut palms lean far out so that the older children may run easily up

their trunks, swing from their tattered fronds, and leap into still water, twenty feet below. Farther yet, the smooth swells of the open sea sweep in through a break in the reef, gathering height as they approach the land, to crash in splendid combers. Here the skilled swimmers ride the surf, their brown bodies lacquered with foams and tropical sunlight.

They are no longer shy in my presence. I have become a part of the setting, like the coral mushroom, barely awash, thirty yards offshore, where they sit to watch the colored fish; like this ancient aito tree where, perhaps, Captain Cook himself, one hundred and fifty years ago, took shelter from the climbing sun.

And long before his time—three centuries, five centuries, perhaps a thousand years ago, one would have witnessed at this spot just such a scene as I have witnessed this morning. When I feel saddened at thought of the winds of change blowing so steadily and so fiercely from the northern latitudes, and how they sweep over even such lonely islands as this, I am comforted by the reflection: "But a thousand years hence cocks will crow at dawn, as of old, wakening children to bathe in the sea."

. . . . .

Teura and Irako have been quarreling again. The dispute began several weeks ago, about a pig which both claim, and it has not yet been settled. Teura is a native of this village. Irako is a Low Island woman who came to Tahiti at the time of her marriage. Their difference of opinion is merely an excuse for the kind of quarrel all Polynesian women love.

Last night they met in the village street, directly in front of my house. In the darkness I listened with interest to the argument. The pig had long since been forgotten and the two women were engaged in a process of mutual defamation of character. There were no oblique hints or allusive remarks. Accusations were as direct as words could make them. Listening to Teura, I realized more clearly than before how flexible to all moods and needs the Tahitian lan-

guage is. Who would have thought that a speech so largely vowel could hiss and crackle and detonate in this fashion, like a bamboo thicket in flame? For all that, Irako's Paumotu dialect, with its snarling ng's and its craggy flintlike k's, was better suited, it seemed to me, for such passionate discussion.

Long after they had gone the peace of the night seemed troubled with choppy phosphorescent waves.

. . . . .

"The hupé," Tahitians call the breeze that flows seaward from the depths of the valleys after set of sun. Sometimes it descends with gentle violence from the fastnesses of the mountains, swaying the heavy fronds of the palms, strewing the valley floor with fragile hibiscus blossoms, rippling over the reeds and water grasses in marshy places by the river. Sometimes it moves so quietly as scarcely to stir the flame of a candle.

So it was last night as I followed the path leading into Vaipopo Valley. I had been roused from sleep in the small hours, and feeling wholly refreshed, I rose, dressed, and went for a walk, seeming still to hear a voice, starry faint but clear, that had wakened me from the depths of a dream.

Far up the valley I came to a little glade under the eastern wall, filled with the light of the waning moon. In the midst of it stood a clump of banana trees, their broad leaves as motionless as the shadows beneath them. I sat on a stone and gazed long at them, and I knew then that the fruit of those trees is not alone what men gather to carry to market places.

Presently I became aware of a deeper coolness flowing over and around me from the inner recesses of the valley—an exhalation so faint, at first, that no shadow of fern frond or grass blade stirred from its place. Then a single leaf of one of the banana trees, caught by that gentle current of air, began to move in a stately rhythmical fashion, rocking and swaying on its long stem.

"When you see one banana leaf swaying gently while

others on the same tree move not at all," old Taio-Vahiné had once told me, "you may know that some spirit of the ancient dead has just passed on its way from the burial caves in the mountains. If it continues to move, then many of them are passing in file, brushing the leaf with their spirit bodies. Stand quite still and no harm will come to you. You may even hear them passing, or see them treading the air but little higher than a man's head above the ground, as they go down to their feasts and games on the beach."

So I watched and waited, but the spirits of the ancient dead passed viewless to my northern eyes. I heard only the clear chirping of a cricket, and all that I saw, or even imagined that I saw, was the one leaf of the banana tree dancing in the moonlight to the soundless music of the hupé.

. . . . .

"Do you recognize this?" he said, holding out a small round object in the palm of his hand. "It is yours, undoubtedly. This morning, quite by chance, I kicked it out of the sand while dragging my canoe up the beach."

It was a Swiss watch, a Longines, I had bought years ago in France. A fragment of the chain still clung to it, but the hands had rusted away and the numerals on the dial had been effaced by the action of sand and sea water.

I remembered clearly the day when I had lost it—in the spring of 1920, shortly after I came to the South Seas—and how anxiously I had searched for it near the stump of a pandanus tree where I had placed it with my clothes while swimming in the lagoon. I turned it over slowly, thinking of the days when that small instrument had exercised such tyranny over my life, hurrying me out of bed of a morning, ruthlessly and punctually driving me here and there throughout the day. Even now it seemed to be making a mute but insistent demand upon me, and a feeling of nervous tension, of old-time restlessness, stirred me faintly.

With an underhand throw I sent it far out over the surface of the lagoon. It skipped three times from the water and sank with a tiny splash fifty yards offshore.

"May it suffer a sea-change into something rich and strange," said my friend. "Have you missed it in all these years?"

To which I replied, quite truthfully: "No. Never once."

. . . . . .

This morning I went with Taura far into the valley to gather fei, the mountain plantain that forms so important an article of food in every native household. Taura did the gathering. I merely watched as he cut his way with his bush-knife through vines and creepers and thorny scrub, up the steep valley walls to gather clusters of fruit we had seen from below. He collected ten in all, the larger ones as heavy as a fully-matured bunch of bananas. With strips of bark he made them fast to a stout pole, five bunches at each end, a load of at least two hundred pounds.

When he had the heavy burden balanced to his liking he lifted the pole to his shoulder and started homeward at a gait peculiar to fei gatherers, between a fast walk and a trot. Unincumbered though I was, I found it difficult to keep pace with him. It was a five-mile journey back to the village, and we crossed and re-crossed the river many times. Once, as we were making a difficult passage below a waterfall, he stopped, poised on a slippery rock, and stooping, still with his load, drank long, scooping up water with his hand.

A splendid figure of a man he was—naked save for a strip of cloth about his loins—as he rose again and swung his load to the other shoulder. I gazed in awe at his huge frame, more particularly at his feet, of heroic size, each toe alive and strong and seemingly conscious of its strength as it gripped the black wet rock on which he stood.

I thought of my own toes, inert, white, withered and chilly, hidden, fortunately, in soggy hobnailed boots. One of them peeped listlessly out through a ripped seam.

"Go back!" I warned it secretly. "Don't creep into the open to shame yourself and me before Taura's toes!"

# THE BALANCE SHEET OF BEHAVIORISM

By BERTRAM D. WOLFE

PSYCHOLOGY has its fads and fashions as well as dress. Yesterday Freud was king and the knowing ones had complexes, uncovered surpressed desires, got "psyched," and delved with wise head-shakings into other folk's dreams. Today Freud is as *passé* as Mah Jong, and the initiate have discovered that they have glands and viscera and reflexes, and talk of being "reconditioned" in place of "psyched." While Freudianism rides its witch's broom into the sunset, behaviorism stands at the zenith in its noontide . . . and just over the horizon peeps gestaltism.

Freudianism is pre-war. It is a product of the esthetic-ized, leisurely, and decadent world of Europe's old culture capitals that was riding *insouciant* towards its doom in 1914.

Behaviorism is a child of the war period. It is the methodology of the automatic control of armed millions, of Taylorized factory phalanxes in mass-production industries, and of drive-and-propaganda-ridden civil populations. It is a product and tool of a period in which man has displayed the highest degree of activity in human history, but often unconnected with ends set by human values. It is a reflex of the goose step and the robot age and reveals the law of their being.

Gestaltism is post-war. It is a psychology based on the existence of syntheses in nature and meaning in situations. The philosophy underlying it is a reaction, largely unconscious, to systematic scepticism a la Bertrand Russell (the final fruit of the pre-war neo-Kantian movement), and to the behaviorists' insistence on the accidental as the sole basis

of interconnections in nature, where gestaltism finds real units having an objective existence.

Freudianism is Viennese. Gestaltism is unmistakably German. But behaviorism bears all over it the stamp: "Made in America."

In an immediate sense, behaviorism is the theorization of the Taylor system, a by-product of machine industry, expressing its need of studying objectively the external behavior of the worker so as to control his movements and adapt them to the machine. Viewed in the longer perspective of American development, it is an expression of the pioneer emphasis on activity for activity's sake, his militant disregard for the inner world of contemplation, revery, feeling and thought, his substitution of means for values and his equating of *being* with *doing*.

The balance sheet of behaviorism shows many assets and some fundamental capital liabilities. Undoubtedly it has made fundamental contributions to psychology, the importance of which it is hard to exaggerate.

The psychology of the past two centuries was a *science of the soul,* subjective in method, with arm-chair introspection as its technique of investigation; it moved endlessly within the confines of the closed circle set for it by idealistic metaphysics.

Psychology's acceptance of this metaphysical basis and method as unexaminable premises rendered impossible the development of an objective experimental science and reduced psychology to the status of a feeble, pallid younger sister of idealistic philosophy. If you begin with the postulate that the objective world is non-existent or at least unknowable, then it follows that you can observe nothing outside the world of your own sensations, emotions, ideas and thoughts. You cannot begin to observe your neighbor's—much less an outside, objective world on which both may be based. Hence psychology groped its way for two centuries or more in a maze of first principles and problems from

which it could not extricate itself. Psycho-physical parallelism, the possibility or impossibility of observing observation itself, the denial of real objects in nature, the scornful rejection of "vulgar" common sense and all its data—such were the hurdles over which psychology could not vault.

When the physical, chemical, and biological sciences grew up and began to whisper maliciously among themselves that old lady Psychology was no science at all, she made some timid efforts to change her ways—or at least her style of dressing. With Wundt and his followers she adopted the fashion of experiments, but only as pretty decorations. The experiments dealt with petty derivative problems. No one dreamt of experimental investigation of fundamentals.

Finding it out of fashion to speak so familiarly of her *soul,* she substituted the term consciousness as a concession to secular fashion just as, with her petty experiments with "least observable sensations" and the like, she paid tribute to the methods used in the other sciences. She even tried to play with mathematics as big-brother Physics did, and elaborated meager and inconsequential data by far from meager mathematical methods appropriate to the physical laboratory. This seemed to offer an easy method for the obtaining of "results" which were impressive not by virtue of the data treated but the method of treating them. Nor was it any the less impressive because the data were not of the sort that make elaborate mathematical treatment significant.

While psychology was thus puttering around with non-essentials and trying to look scientific without being so, modern industry developed to the point where it required scientific knowledge, not only of its technical materials (as provided by physics and chemistry) but also of its human material—the laborer. An objective science of human behavior became a necessity.

At the same time psychology began to broaden its field of investigation to regions where the soul and even consciousness were scarcely to be "conceded" and where introspection

was impossible. Animal psychology, child psychology, abnormal psychology, the psychology of primitive peoples—these are precisely the fields where objectivity is an inescapable necessity. Here the assumption of developed forms of consciousness, feeling, and thought similar to those of the observer are so many deceptive traps. New techniques had to be developed, and once acquired were eagerly applied to general psychology, often with more zeal than discrimination.

It was at this juncture that the behaviorists, above all Watson, came forward with an aggressive ballyhoo campaign for the ousting of metaphysical idealism, for the introduction of investigation, experiment, and objective study of behavior, for the questioning of moldy assumptions, for the re-examination of even the terminology derived from these assumptions. For all the ballyhoo, there was a core of earnest scientific determination and an attempt to develop an objective science that contrasted favorably with the hypocritical lip-service that other schools were paying to objectivity.

Behaviorism introduced new material, raised fresh problems, swept away much rubbish and opened up choked pathways which might provide an avenue of escape from the blind alley of metaphysical idealism and scholasticism that shut in the older psychology.

The new psychology insisted upon treating man as a behaving animal, living in and reacting to a real environment. It developed the revolutionary concept that man and his environment must be treated as interacting. It enlarged the concept of environment to include "hunger contractions, bladder distentions, palpitating heart, rapid breathing, muscular changes and the like . . . just as truly objects of stimulation as are chairs and tables . . . a part of man's environment usually left out in all discussions of the relative influence of environment and heredity." (Watson)

But at the same time that it was so detailed and insistent

in its description of this additional "inner" region that it had added to the concept of man's environment, it was curiously vague and casual about the *rest* of environment, leaving it to gestaltism to investigate the real nature of environment in psychological terms. Behaviorists like Watson didn't even seem to realize that there was a problem here.

Behaviorism dealt severely with many of the pet traditions of rival schools of psychology. With its insistence on regarding man as a behaving animal, it broke down the sterile division between the so-called passive and active aspects of mind (on the one hand feeling and cognition, on the other will). It consigned the instinct psychology, with its list of thirteen to fifty-two primary instincts, to the same limbo as the faculty psychology of which the instinct theory was but a refined version.

By means of the same careful objective observation of child behavior which enabled it to dispose of the instinct theory, it also brushed aside the last cobwebs of the "tiny man and woman" theory of the nature of infancy, along with the Calvinist theory of infant damnation and its modern Freudian echo, the "polymorphous perverse" conception of childhood.

Watson and the other behaviorists do not seem to have realized how fundamentally they are at variance with Freud and his theories, yet there is hardly a single one of the basic concepts of Freudianism that they have not attacked. Thus Watson offers his concept of unverbalized reactions as a substitute for most of the properties the Freudians lump together in their mystic chamber of horrors—the unconscious. Again he leaves little room for the Freudian concept of adjustment and maladjustment so basic to their theory, when he advances a dynamic concept of adjustment as a temporary relative equilibrium in an unending chain of responses to a changing environment. "The only adjusted person," writes Watson, "is a dead person—one from whom no response can be called out to any stimulus. . . . The

organism is not and cannot be adjusted for longer than a period corresponding to a mathematical point. . . . The term 'adjustment,' however, is convenient and we may still use it provided we mean by it the momentary point where the individual by his action has quieted a stimulus or has gotten out of its range."

Thus these apparently casual differences with Freud are not matters of secondary import for, if you dispose of its concept of the unconscious, its treatment of the problem of adjustment and maladjustment, and its theory of the infant as "polymorphous perverse,"—what is there left of Freudianism?

Nor does traditional racial "psychology," with its imperialist apologetics and its myths of blonde nordic or teutonic superiority, fare any better at the hands of the behaviorists. Rousseau and Jefferson and the equalitarian credos of the Declaration of Independence and the Declaration of the Rights of Man find their justification in Watson's conclusion, drawn from his observation of infant behavior that ". . . within the limits of individual variation man is born with the same general set of responses . . . . regardless of the station of his parents, regardless of the geological age in which he was born and regardless of the geographical zone in which he was born." And there is a conscious echo of the Declaration of Independence in Watson's statement that ". . . all healthy individuals . . . start out *equal*. . . . It is what happens to individuals after birth that makes one a hewer of wood and a drawer of water, another a diplomat, a thief, a successful business man or a far-famed scientist."

The behaviorists are the embattled protagonists of "scientific method" in psychology. Envious, and with reason, of the accomplishments of physics, chemistry, biology, and physiology, they are determined to introduce the methods of these sciences (which they term "scientific method") into the field of psychology. But it does not seem to have occurred

to them to examine the whole question of scientific method. That would be *philosophy,* and philosophy, as Watson confidently informs us, is "gradually disappearing" before the triumphant advance of behaviorism.

There are certain generalizations common to all sciences, and psychology, if it is to be a science, must either consciously apply them, or at the very least, and worst, unconsciously assume them. But that is not what the behaviorists mean, or at any rate not what they usually mean, when they denounce psychology as unscientific and propose to introduce "scientific method."

In addition to the general method and basic generalizations (the philosophy) common to all the sciences, each of them has its particular field, its specific methods, a technique of its own. At the border lines these fields overlap and the specific methods and techniques may do likewise. But that method is no scientific one which fails to see the specific peculiarities, the *peculiar terms* of its own field and to develop the corresponding methods and technique. It seems absurd to remind serious scientists that one does not investigate colloids with a telescope, analyze hysterics in a test tube, or look for the causes of Bolshevism with a microscope. Yet that is exactly the abc hurdle over which behaviorism seems unable to leap. It is pathetically determined to reduce the complexities of the mind and behavior of human beings to physics and chemistry and physiology, and literally to apply the methods of those sciences to the study of human behavior.

"We need nothing to explain behavior," declares Watson in his debate with MacDougall, "but the ordinary laws of physics and chemistry."

Hunter, a behaviorist who is far more cautious than Watson (he impressively calls himself an *anthroponomist* to differentiate himself from the latter), makes a modest statement of the behaviorist case: "Man's learned behavior, his language responses and his social activities are events in nature, in the environment, and as such are *partially* illumi-

nated by the general laws of mathematics, physics and chemistry." [Emphasis mine here and throughout article.]

And Pavloff, who deals scarcely at all with human psychology except in side remarks, declares with truly scientific caution: "The results of animal experimentation [with conditioned reflexes] are of such a nature that they *may, at times, help* to explain the hidden processes of our own inner world."

But Watson knows no such doubtings. What he cannot explain in terms of physics, chemistry, and physiology he denounces as mystical, religious, metaphysical, and unfit for scientific interest. Woodworth has rightly described behaviorism as a "set of taboos—touch not, taste not, handle not the unclean thing." And a few of the things that are "unclean" are consciousness, memory, attention, feeling, knowing, imagination, and reason!

"I cannot agree with Watson," writes the not unsympathetic Koehler, "in his method of condemning all difficult-looking problems in the nervous system as pure mysticism. That gives a simple science with only a few concepts; but a good deal of the world of behavior does not occur in this science."

Watson boasts continually of his lack of interest in the phenomena of consciousness. Sometimes he ignores consciousness, sometimes he denies it, always he denies its importance and its active participation in the influencing of behavior. One cannot but wonder why he addresses his books to other human beings as if they were possessed of consciousness and in an aggressive propaganda tone as if he expected their consciousness to influence their conduct.

He would reduce all behavior to the simplest form of behavior—the automatic reflex—"muscle twitchism," Tolman calls it. He deliberately ignores the fact that even apes, as Koehler has proved, react not merely to stimuli but also to situations as a whole.

He would reduce all learning to the simplest form of learn-

ing—entirely meaningless learning—learning by accidental trial and error and gradual elimination of the errors. Again he ignores the facts demonstrated by Koehler that even apes are capable of learning not only by trial and error but also in "jumps" by sudden perceptions of whole situations and whole solutions.

Koehler's classic experiments on the intelligence of the apes led him to the conclusion that in their solutions of problems set for them ". . . none is performed twice over in the same way—and indeed, the movements by which any single one of them is performed vary very much—the only limit is the sense of the proceeding. For this reason no observer, even with the best of efforts, can say: 'the animal contracts such or such a muscle, carries out this or that impulse.' This would be to accentuate an unessential side issue, which may change from one case to another; which muscles carry out which action is immaterial."

Yet it is precisely these "unessential side issues" that Watson would make the whole of scientific description not only of animal behavior but also of human.

The behaviorist description of the motor and neural reactions involved in the act of copying a poem would differ but little from the description of the act of writing that poem as an original. But the difference in the two activities interests us vastly more than the resemblance, and this difference must be investigated in its own terms, not in terms of an extra twitch or two of certain muscles. There are *qualitatively* new phenomena and principles involved.

But Watson is inexorable. "Until he has reduced them to electrical and chemical processes," he declares of certain complications of behavior which are being investigated by physiologists, "I am afraid he cannot help us very much."

Weiss, yet more ardent and of a more logical cast of mind than Watson, having accepted this viewpoint proceeds to work out an electron-proton description of behavior:

"Human conduct is a form of motion. The behaviorist in-

vestigates it on the basis of physical monism of which the ultimate aspects are the electron-protons. Human conduct is thereby rooted in: (a) various groupings of electron-protons, and (b) in movements which arise through the replacement of one group by another."

By the consistent, unswerving application of this method, Weiss produces the following description of a child hearing the ringing of a bell:

"The aggregate of electron-protons that is known as a bell alters the aggregate that is known as a child. . . . This is observed by the aggregate which is known as a behaviorist."

If one did not find this solemn jargon set forth in his most serious and in many ways admirable work, "The Theoretical Basis of Human Behavior," one would think that Professor Weiss was writing a parody outline of behaviorism.

Certainly, there is a profound and valuable element of truth in the insistence on the physical-chemical nature of the human body and its processes. And a belligerent attack is in order upon those who try to make an unbridgeable chasm between man and the rest of nature, who refuse to recognize man as material and animal, who would have us regard all processes occurring in human beings as *super*-physical, *super*-chemical, *super*-animal, just because they take place in man.

But it is naïvely childish to want to subsume the whole manifold complexity and richness of the psychological under the thin and one-sided concepts of its physical or physiological features. Thereby, behaviorism is seeking to dissolve the specifically psychological in the general physiological or physical. The only result is that much is lost that is specifically human and nothing gained in the way of explanation of that which, in the field of psychology, is most necessary of explanation. The true field and proper province of psychology is simply abandoned as "unscientific," not subject to explanation, not of interest to the scientist.

The behaviorists hope thereby to "simplify" the problems

of psychology and facilitate their solution. But that method is no scientific method which tries to get simple solutions by denying the complexity of the problems it is solving and by "simplifying" the problems themselves out of existence. Such "simplification" can only seem desirable to those who get dizzy when they look down from the little height to which science has climbed and become utterly terrified when they think of the heights to which science must climb. For all its proud boasts behaviorism does not seem to be a climber of mountains but rather to breathe a Philistine sigh of relief when it has found its speedy justification for climbing down to the flatlands again and saying, "the mountain is unclimbable," or "the mountains do not interest me," or "there are no mountains to be climbed."

The tragic irony of Watson's "scientific method" lies in the fact that it defeats the very object dearest to his heart. He set out to drive metaphysics, religion, supernaturalism, out of the field of psychology, and indeed, out of existence altogether. But he began his campaign by bellicosely abandoning the field of battle. The order of phenomena in which metaphysics, religion, and supernaturalism were entrenched, he proclaimed outside the field of scientific investigation. By mere ostrich-strategy and nay-saying he sought to rid himself of his chosen foe. He thus narrowed immeasurably the scope of his science and left precisely those phenomena of most interest to man to be the happy hunting ground of all his opponents' views, and of every form of quackery masking under the guise of "popular psychology" as well.

Science—the capacity of the human being to wrest from nature its secrets (including the secrets of the nature of the mind of man), to understand himself and his surroundings, to adapt his surroundings to himself and himself to his surroundings—Science may leave many phenomena unexplored at any given historical moment (since it cannot do everything at once or solve some problems without previously having solved others), but it cannot admit any order of phenomena as unexplorable without delivering a death blow to itself.

# THIRTY YEARS FROM NOW

## By BERTRAND RUSSELL

AN ENGLISHMAN in touch with the British Labor Party cannot but be struck, in visiting America, by the profound difference between the outlook to which he is accustomed at home and that which he finds among American "Radicals." To begin with the word: "Radical" has, to British ears, an old-fashioned Victorian flavor—it suggests a series of men extending from Francis Place, the wire-pulling tailor of the Reform Bill time, through John Stuart Mill, to Joseph Chamberlain in his youth. Since the beginning of the present century the word has been obsolete. But in America it lingers, like many other archaic forms of speech and thought. To an Englishman visiting America I should say, "Study the language of Shakespeare and the thought of Montesquieu. Then you will be able to understand such words as 'chores' and such beliefs as that America is dedicated to Liberty, both of which you might otherwise find unintelligible."

To obtain a first rough outline of a comparison between the advanced movements in American and British politics it is necessary to remember that industrialism, as a dominant factor in the national life, is much more recent in America than in England. The serious development of American industrialism hardly goes further back than the Civil War, whereas that of England goes back to the Napoleonic wars. Now the technical side of production—the machinery, the processes, and so on—can be quickly developed in a new environment, and may positively gain from the absence of old plant and old methods. Accordingly, on the technical side American industry is, in the main, more advanced than that of Great Britain. But the psychologi-

cal side of industrial life is a slower growth. Certain habits of mind inherited from agriculture, handicrafts, and commerce persist in the early phases of industrialism, causing friction in the political machinery. There is no country where the industrial habit of mind is completely dominant or completely developed, but it is perhaps natural that it should be nearest to complete development in Great Britain, where alone it is common to find industrial workers whose grandfathers and great-grandfathers were also industrial workers in the same industries and the same localities. Think of the Lancashire proverb, "Three generations from clogs to clogs," meaning that when a working man rises to be an employer, his son or grandson will sink back to the level of the wage-earner. This implies a stable environment which is industrial, whereas in America no industrial environment is stable and every solution must be provisional.

Before going further it is necessary to guard against a possible misunderstanding. I spoke a moment ago of commerce along with agriculture and handicrafts. Now commerce in the sense of interchange of goods is, of course, promoted by industrialism. But commerce in the old sense, in which the merchant was a prince who ruled the economic life of nations, is a thing of the past, or at any rate, is rapidly becoming so. In olden days both sellers and buyers were unorganized. Between them stood a small group of great merchants whose economic strength far outweighed that of both sellers and buyers. Hence the wealth of Venice, Holland, and London. But with the growth of industrialism the situation changed. The seller became, in regard to many commodities, a great and powerful corporation, able to dictate terms and to dispense with the middleman. Take, as an extreme case, the marketing of oil: this is undertaken almost wholly by the producers, and leaves no scope for the merchant. There is a tendency, as yet far less developed, for buyers also to organize; this is, in fact, part of the case for socialism. It is clear that while sellers are organized

and buyers unorganized, the producer is in a position superior to that of the consumer. Equality of economic strength in an industrial world demands organization of each economic interest, and not only of some. And wherever there is inequality of economic strength there will be exploitation.

The elimination of commerce as an independent factor in economic life is, of course, far from complete, but we can already see that it belongs to the inherent tendencies of industrialism, which must gradually substitute for the merchant, direct negotiations between a group of sellers and a group of buyers. In a socialistic world, each of these groups would be a State; in a capitalistic world one at least would be a trust or combine.

The importance of the elimination of commerce, from our point of view, is that commerce has always been the chief promoter of what are called "liberal" ideas—such ideas as religious toleration, free speech, free press, democracy, etc. If these ideas are to survive in an industrial world they will have to take new forms and be thought out afresh. How, for example, shall we combine a free press with the socialist program of state control of industry, including the newspaper industry? For such a problem nineteenth-century liberalism has no answer to offer.

In passing from these generalities to the actual comparison of American radicalism with the British Labor Party, the first thing that strikes an observer is the more backward condition of American trade unionism. In America, doubtless partly owing to the influence of Mr. Gompers, organized labor still hesitates to take an independent part in politics. It is still believed by many that industrial action —the attempt to raise wages and reduce hours by strikes and the threat of strikes—can be pursued independently of political support. I remember attending an international socialist congress in London in 1896, where the more conservative section of British trade unionists advocated this view, as against what was then known as the "new" union-

ism. Opinion was almost exactly what one may expect it to be in America two years hence. Trade union development in America is now just about at the stage which British unionism reached thirty years ago.

In England the next stage in development was forced on the unions by the law courts. The Taff Vale decision showed that unionism could be made safe only by a change in the law, and therefore political action was necessary if industrial action was to continue possible. The Liberal government of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman in 1906 passed an act reversing the Taff Vale decision, but there is little doubt that this act would not have been passed but for the menace of the newly-formed Labor Party. Mr. Asquith, in common with most of the lawyers in the Liberal Party, was very loath to support the change, and was driven into doing so only by the knowledge that unless he did, organized labor would give no support whatever to the Liberal Party.

The British Labor Party owes its existence to the reactionary decisions of the law courts, and probably the same cause may be relied upon to produce the same effect in America. When once labor is adequately organized, it is only a question of time before the opposition of conservatives forces political action upon the unions. If I were an American radical I should devote the bulk of my energy to persuading trade union leaders of the necessity of forming a political labor party to safeguard the political interests of their followers. This is clearly the next step at the present time.

It would, however, be a mistake to expect the labor movement in America to develop exactly along lines which Europe has made familiar. There are three principal causes of difference which it will be well to consider successively. The first is the immigration population; the second, the immense prosperity of America; the third, the importance of agriculture and the fact that it is semi-industrialized.

In New York and along the eastern seaboard generally, the strength of radicalism, such as it is, appears to be mainly derived from immigrants, supported and more or less led by a few Europeanized intellectuals. The result of this situation seemed to me to be—though I saw too little to speak at all positively—that the conceptions and program of the radicals were unduly European. Men—especially Jews—who have been socialists in the countries from which they came, remain socialists in America until they become well off; then they become persuaded that their socialism was merely traditional, part of the habits they brought with them from the Old World, which they have to unlearn in the new environment. Meanwhile, those who have been born in America look upon radicalism as something foreign, tainted, unsuitable to a hundred-percenter. While this situation persists a strong radical movement in the East is impossible. The restrictions on immigration will, however, cause it to change rapidly. Some conservatives, seeing that the radicals are mainly immigrants, think that the restriction of immigration will kill radicalism. This seems to me a profound error. I hold, on the contrary, that American radicalism will be immensely strengthened by diminishing the supply of immigrants. At present everybody in America, with few exceptions, grows continually richer, and does so because there is a continually new supply of immigrants to exploit. If they are stopped there will begin to be native-born Americans who are not improving their economic position. Such men will grow discontented and will supply material for a labor party far more formidable than recent immigrants, who are easily suppressed and easily branded as disloyal. Restriction of immigration, I am convinced, will be an immense gain to American radicalism.

Comparison with the British labor movement strengthens this conviction. The foreign-born population of Great Britain is negligible; the Labor Party derives its strength from men and women whose ancestors have lived in the country from time immemorial. It is therefore difficult to

accuse them of being unpatriotic, which in fact they are not. They cannot easily be persecuted, because no race-antagonism can be invoked against them. Liberty and toleration are perhaps scarcely possible except in a homogeneous nation. If America continues to restrict immigration it seems probable that within thirty years almost all the foreign elements except the negroes will have been thoroughly assimilated. That will give a new strength and a new respectability to the American labor movement. The process will, of course, be gradual, and will presumably begin at once; but its completion may be expected to take something like a generation. Thirty years seems, therefore, about the right length of time to allow for it to mature.

In spite of the immigrant element in the American radical movement, it is less international than the Labor and Socialist parties of Europe. This is a natural effect of geography. Internationalism and militarism are both caused by experience of war—the former as a means of preventing wars, the latter as a means of winning them. But America, remote and powerful, turns naturally to one or other of two different policies: isolation . . . or economic imperialism. Isolation is the traditional policy, economic imperialism the policy suggested by the post-war situation, and capable of being used either for reactionary or for progressive ends. I do not propose to argue the question as to which is best, either for America or for the world, but I have little doubt that isolation will be more and more abandoned. Advocates of America's entry into the League of Nations, protagonists of disarmament conferences, philanthropists who desire loans to impoverished nations are all helping to bring about a new world-government in which the moving power will be American finance. Perhaps it is just as well—but who knows?

If a labor movement is to succeed in America it will have to differ in its appeal from the corresponding movements in Europe. In Europe there is an acute problem of poverty;

there are large sections of the population who obviously earn too little for well-being. The contrast between these sections and the very rich raises a feeling of injustice which always has made the major part of the driving force for socialism in Europe. In America, apart from recent immigrants, there is little poverty as a European understands it. Almost all wage-earners born in America earn quite as much as anyone really needs. Important things are lacking in their lives, but among these, purchasing power is not to be included. They lack liberty, leisure, education, culture, but not material goods. There is therefore not much force in the simple argument of the European proletarian: "Why should I starve while the millionaire's idle son lives in luxury?" And this makes it necessary to have a new philosophy behind the American labor movement if it is to win any sweeping success.

The prosperity of the American workingman is calculated to bring despair to the heart of any labor leader who follows European models. Yet in former times material prosperity only increased the demand of the prosperous for equality. The revolt of the commercial classes against the feudal aristocracy grew more and more formidable as the commercial classes grew richer. Cromwell's Ironsides were not men suffering from destitution. The old battles, however, were political, and political privilege has practically disappeared. With the coming of political democracy, it is supposed that everyone has acquired his due share of power, and that unjust discriminations have ceased. Wage-earners will see through this device only when they have learned to understand the part played by economic power (as opposed to political power) in the modern world. This will require a slow education by means of voluntary propaganda; but when once that education has been completed . . . wage-earners, however prosperous, will demand the democratization of economic power also. When that time comes the American labor movement will lead the world.

This brings me to the farmer-labor movement of the Northwest—a movement which, whatever its immediate future, appears to me to contain something genuinely new, with more promise than anything yet existing in the Eastern states. In Wisconsin, Minnesota, and North and South Dakota I seemed to find a type of economico-political thought which does not fit into the traditional categories but is more adapted than they are to modern economic conditions. From the traditional socialist point of view, a farmer is a capitalist and an employer—he must count with the enemy. The attempt to co-operate with him, which is being made in the Middle West, can only succeed if it is accompanied by a new economic philosophy . . . less remote from facts than that which many socialists have uncritically inherited from the 'sixties. There are, of course, inherent difficulties in the farmer-labor combination. A few prosperous years might cure the farmers of their discontent and make them again friendly toward the banks and railways. The mentality of a man who lives on the land is bound to be rather different than that of an industrial wage-earner. For these reasons the combination may not last. But if it does, its results may be surprising.

Agriculture in Europe has hitherto proved a fatal stumbling-block to the Labor and Socialist parties. Where it is carried on by small peasant proprietors they are intensely conservative—terrified lest socialists should nationalize their land. Where it is carried on by aristocrats employing virtually serf labor, it is bound up with feudalism. Where, as in England, it is carried on by large tenant farmers employing laborers, the farmers feel the laborer their enemy rather than the landowner, and are therefore conservative, while the laborers are usually too terrorized to vote against their employers. The War has intensified the opposition of town and country. The conservatism of the peasants forced the new economic policy on the Bolsheviks, defeated the Socialists in Germany, Austria and Hungary, and kept

Poincaré in power in France until he took to imposing taxes. This conservatism is largely traditional, the instinctive adherence to old ways common among settled agricultural populations. It is a dead weight which Europe has found great difficulty in moving.

In America, except to some extent in the South, nothing of this kind exists. There is no peasantry because those who cultivate the soil have not been settled on it for generations. The pioneers who developed the West were necessarily men of adventurous disposition, totally unlike the typical, timid, stay-at-home peasant of agricultural Europe. Ever since the time of Columbus the American continent has drained Europe of her most enterprising sons, selecting the vigorous and imaginative and leaving only the stolid and stupid. Consequently, the agricultural population of America is temperamentally different, on the average, from that of the countries which supplied it. And it is free from the inhibitions due to ages of feudalism and the fear which they generated among serfs and underlings.

This cause, however, might have been insufficient to produce any marked effect if it had stood alone. What has given it strength is its combination with economic causes.

The American agriculturist works, as a rule, for a distant market in Europe or in the Eastern states. He uses the most modern machinery, is free from tradition, and remembers with pride the pioneer work of his father. He undertook farming under the impression that he would be an independent economic unit. It turned out, however, that he was under the thumb of the railways and the banks, especially the latter. The little banks, in turn, are in the hands of the big banks, and the ultimate economic power produced by the work of innumerable Western farmers is concentrated in the hands of a few big men in Wall Street. All this operates through credit. Sooner or later a man wants a loan, and when he does, the economic power represented by his land passes into the hands of those from whom he

borrows. Theoretically he might abstain from borrowing, but practically a bad harvest is likely to leave him no alternative except to sell his farm. As soon as he has been compelled to borrow he becomes virtually an employee of the banks. Economically, he no longer counts as a landowner or as an employer, but as a mere intermediary. That is why it is possible for him to co-operate with wage-earners.

This case illustrates the industrializing of agriculture which has resulted from modern methods. Lenin, in his contest with the peasants, hoped to give them the industrial mentality by means of his grandiose scheme of electrification, which was to supply them with inexpensive power. This particular scheme has perished with him, but American agriculture has suffered a transformation not unlike that of which Lenin dreamed. The agriculturist is not an isolated unit who can ignore economic conditions in the world at large. In addition to his dependence on machinery and the banks, he depends upon the European market, and is hard hit by the loss of European purchasing power due to the War. He cannot therefore live in a closed circle like the traditional peasant. This situation combines with the selected temperament of the pioneer to produce an agricultural mentality which is quite new in the history of the world and a vast improvement upon what has gone before.

To meet the case of American agriculture, and to make the farmer-labor combination permanent, American radicalism needs new formulae and a new analysis. Henry George made the attempt long ago, but not in a form quite applicable to modern conditions. The nominal possession of land, which he regarded as the sole source of economic power, may not amount to much: it does not in the case of the farmer who has had to borrow from his bank. The power of the bank rests on credit, and credit (when it is well-founded) rests upon some peculiarly lucrative monopoly, such as oil, railways, coal mines, etc., or possibly upon urban land. It is the holders of ultimate economic power

who control our fate to a degree surpassing what was possible for any absolute monarch of former times. The goal which socialists have set before themselves will be reached when ultimate economic power is in public hands, instead of being, as now, in the hands of individuals who are responsible to no one.

The capitalist, as such, is not necessarily a holder of ultimate economic power. Mr. Henry Ford, for example, who owes his wealth to skill, not to monopoly, injures no one (except those who are run over by unskilful drivers). There is no good reason why he should be interfered with. But the gains which result from monopoly are in a different class. Socialists have paid too little attention to this distinction, and that is why some of them feel that there is something unnatural in the farmer-labor combination. In this view, however, they seem to me wholly mistaken.

The American labor movement is still in its infancy as compared with the British movement. But I do not doubt that, in view of the economic development of America, the movement will grow rapidly and will take new forms for which Europe offers no precedent. Imitation of Europe is to be deprecated because American conditions are different from those of Europe. Nevertheless, the formation of a Third Party is imperative if anything is to be achieved. I make no doubt that within thirty years such a party will be as powerful, and as little destructive, as the British Labor Party is now. For the sake of America, and for the sake of the world, I shall rejoice in every step toward that goal.

# DISCUSSIONS OF NEW BOOKS

## REALITY AGAIN

By Frederick P. Mayer

ON THIS sultry August night, with the buzz of crickets in the field and a powder of stars in the deep sky, it is hard for me to believe in the reality of any experience contained in books. It is, I think, only a coincidence that Unamuno's perplexity is also mine: the fiery Basque philosopher is fervid. Here lie the volumes on the table—black and green, yellow and red, brown, and gold and black—so many books explosive with energy, with furious creative excitement, with a determination to put leading strings upon "life" and to guide it tamely between the covers of a book. Outside, the crickets, monotonous, undramatic, dragging the grass-scented hours on to midnight. Inside, a table, a typewriter, four volumes, the novels theatrical, wordy, full of moral argument, political debate, sexual animosities, journalistically vivid paragraphs of city descriptions, the whole calculated to convey emotional truth and to burn like fire.

Perhaps they are right, these forceful novelists, pushing the routine calm of life to one side in favor of violent dramatics. Yet, there are the crickets of the plains always, outside books, and the moonlight rippling at the wake of the night-boat, and the guard at the railway crossing, in his little frame shanty, smoking his vile pipe these hot nights as

*Three Exemplary Novels and a Prologue.* By Miguel de Unamuno. New York: Albert and Charles Boni. $2.50. *The Sweet Cheat Gone.* By Marcel Proust. New York: Albert and Charles Boni. $3.00. *Bystander.* By Maxim Gorki. New York: Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. $3.00. *Flood.* By Robert Neumann. New York: Covici-Friede. $3.00.

well as on snowy midwinter dawns. Such have a reality of their own, an emanation of substance, unworked for, unwilled, convincing. And although such things appear in books—for there are quiet novels—their true essence evades the page and their significance as experience can only be gained by the leisurely mind. Words are no good. They have a kind of reality, placed end to end, but experience, directly, has another. To the pedant or to the sophisticate —or to any other kind of inactive cerebral—the imitative, second-hand, abstracted reality of books is more gratifying, comfortable, and exciting than that ordinarily calm and unheroic life from which books evolve. To the true artist, aware of the limitations of his art, this truth is chastening . . . and it helps him to save words. To the naïf adolescent—of a vague age—the charm of airing his views publicly, of dreaming violently and audibly, of expatiating on his own surprises, becomes a substitute for a reality outside of books that is more philosophical and, before that, substantial.

There is another difficulty in estimating the literary value of these novels, and it is a difficulty bound up with the problem of artistic reality. Need I drop back, for a moment, and suggest obviously, as people do who determine upon philosophy, that the reality of crickets in a field can and must vary with the receptive mind, that the crickets in August do not exist as an experience until experienced, and that to every mind they are "really" different? They are the memory of a sleepless night on a Michigan farm after too much library work in New York; they are the music of childhood; they are a destroyer of the chance to typewrite undisturbed; they are—well, all things to all men. And most important of all, they are nothing if one is told about crickets and yet has never seen that dull brown singer in the grass.

This is the trouble. The reality we like to talk about is not the same to all men, even though materially it may seem

to be. Life in Germany has a German reality; in Russia, a Russian, and so on. A national attitude, a national reality (or, rather, perception of reality) explains us to ourselves, develops solidarity of a kind (patriotism), and betrays us in our determination to understand life "abroad." Behold the stumbling block of Leagues of Nations. I do not deprecate cosmopolitanism, internationalism, or interracial friendship. I want, however, to point out difficulties in the way of international art, universal art, especially in the way of an international novel, the materials of which, being primarily those of conventional society, vary with national boundaries. All this is by way of presenting my fundamental critical fears about an American's estimate of books so foreign in their attitudes and so different in the actual as well as in the literary reality of their materials. It is for this reason that I feel tempted to regret the effect of the Russian novel upon the English, to use one example, for its imitation initiated a strained determination to think differently and to write differently and, in general, to no great advantage. This last is, however, opinion; yet reflection upon the names of some good English novels might prove the point.

As one might guess it from these four books, the primary aim of the foreign novel is to show national life as it is lived by the people as a group and to present national problems and class confusions rather than to convey the reality of individual characters, as does the typically great English novel. (The foreign influence upon the contemporary British novel is nowhere more evident, by the way, than in its growing preoccupation with national problems, decadences, and abnormal types produced by society and by the state. Galsworthy shows the continental note.) Not the least appeal of the continental novel to an English reader is its strangeness, its piquant difference from what it is common for him to read.

Miguel de Unamuno, in "Three Exemplary Novels," has

written three expository tales, literary parables in which he tries to prove that "reality" as it is usually produced in fiction is not reality at all, but a kind of hack imitation which destroys character life. In those characters who do live—the eternal Quixote is one—Unamuno finds a life that runs away from the author, independent of him, and often superior to his own reality: i. e., Quixote lives, Cervantes is dead. It remains, says Unamuno, whose lively yet penetrating mind does not fail him when he deserts philosophy for fiction, to show what life is lived by men who have "reality," especially as one reads fiction. (I regret that Unamuno's examples of fictional characters are so slight and so strictly un-English.) Hear him on fictional reality:

> The people of the realists are puppets dressed up in costumes and moving about as their strings are pulled, and with phonographs wound up somewhere in their insides to repeat remarks which their puppet-master has picked up on the sidewalks or in the cafes, and jotted down in a notebook.

How heartily one must agree with Unamuno, as one recalls the drearily and endlessly documented synthetic people who creak through the ordinary narrative episodes of modern prose fiction! The Basque has discovered the disease, if not the cure. Often, the whole technical experiment with the form of the novel since Fielding's objective original pattern seems like a continuous protest against the limitations of the novelist's craft, which, in its means for suggesting character reality, never offers complete satisfaction in the reproduction upon paper of what the author had in mind and hoped to communicate. Any art form compels the same dissatisfaction, but the novel especially does so because its pattern unit (words in combination) is infinitely varied in its artistic effect and associations. (***Red*** in a painting has a color and line definiteness; *red* in a story suggests to one person danger, to another heat, to a third insurrection.) In the author's mind stands the character, understood and

organically whole, able to function as an individual. On paper, that character appears in a dimmed reality, obscured, often distorted, by the lack of agreement between conception and creation, *even in the case of fictional characters of great power and vitality.*

What is Miguel de Unamuno's solution to this problem of tawdry and unconvincing reality? By reality of character he means something different, and it is something very near to the reality we look for and do not find in books once every ten years:

> I am going to say that in addition to the person one is to God (if indeed one is anyone to God), and to the person one is to others, and to the person one thinks one is, there is the person one would like to be. And this last, the person one would like to be, is the creator within one, in one's heart, and the person that is truly real. . . .
>
> If . . . you would create in art a character . . ., don't plaster him with erudition, don't waste your time observing the exteriors of the people about you. But frequent, instead, the society of your character, give him a prod now and again, above all *will* him if you can: and wait!

Unamuno has caught the secret of character life: the capacity of the "agonist" to will to do or to will not to do. It is the belief in the capacity of the character to act for himself that makes for reality. The technique of doing that is almost inexplicable: sometimes details added seem to help; sometimes details of appearance and thought seem to hurt. But we recognize that reality when it happens. Hardy's people often have it, and Meredith's, too. Dickens creates it, despite his grotesques; Thackeray often fails, despite the pile of stuff in "Pendennis." Among the moderns it is often missing, because the writers care more about the problems of post-war Germany or pre-Revolutionary Russia than they do about the will of their people, and the ability of a character to live is swallowed up by political argument like Gorki's in "Bystander" or by wild scenes of social degeneracy as in Neumann's "Flood," or, even, by

feverish self-scrutiny as in Proust. (Hergesheimer's people almost never have this "will" reality; Cather's usually do. Wells misses it generally; Conrad suggests it, and Bennett produces it, although he quickly buries it under his detail.)

After the "Prologue" of "Three Exemplary Novels" Unamuno prepares us for an exhibition of that higher reality. He proceeds to write three stories in which men and women move with a greater capacity for convincing a reader than do those of other contemporary novelists. It is lamentable that Unamuno cannot prove his own theory, but, for one reader, at least, his philosophy of fiction is better than his ability to tell a story. It is true that all three of his powerful, wilful people do things, but with a kind of heroic, extravagant theatricality that is no more convincing in its avoidance of the "phonograph" than are those phonographic characters about whom Unamuno complains.

Denis Saurat, in his essay in "Contemporary Movements in European Literature" summarizes my many difficulties in appreciating Proust's "The Sweet Cheat Gone." He asks: "When Proust gets away from the dreary and yet fascinating process of spiritually disembowelling himself, when he manages to get on with his tale, what is the tale?" The only reality in Proust is that of the unhealthy author morbidly anatomizing himself; the tale, in the sense of a story about people who live and move, does not exist. In this sixth installment of the love story of the "I" hero, Albertine departs, her affair with "me" considered at end. But "I" finds it impossible either to admit his need for his mistress or to do without her. A reconciliation is about to take place when she is suddenly killed. The book from then on becomes an excursion into gloomy recollection, connected with the discovery that she had been a Lesbian. An interlude of social conventions as they relate to marriages in two families follows and a momentary return at the end to a romantic rediscovery of an old love, Gilberte. Psychological intricacies abound, mixed with some momentary de-

scriptive moments that are fresh and moving, but the whole impression of the book is that of a tedious and decayed personality, permitted at too great length to expatiate upon its morbid self-satisfactions, abasements, and conceits. The translation, from what I know of the original, is faithful, but that fidelity adds nothing to the readability of Proust, who does for French syntax and sentence limits what Dreiser does for American-English. Here is an example:

After an evening party at which I had met Robert before I went down to Combray, and where the manner in which he displayed himself by the side of a lady of fashion who was reputed to be his mistress, in which he attached himself to her, never leaving her for a moment, enveloped publicly in the folds of her skirt, made me think, with an additional nervous trepidation, of a sort of involuntary rehearsal of an ancestral gesture which I had had an opportunity of observing in M. de Charlus, when he appeared to be robed in the finery of Mme. Molé or some other woman, the banner of a gynaecophil cause which was not his own but which he loved, albeit without having the right to flaunt it thus, whether because he found it useful as a protection or as aesthetically charming, I had been struck, as we came away, by the discovery that this young man, so generous when he was far less rich, had become so stingy.

The effect of thousands of such sentences end to end in the book is not only disheartening and destructive of reader vitality in pure mechanics, but it symbolizes the mental and spiritual stand-still of the whole book, and the literary decay of the author. Mr. Angel Flores has called Proust the greatest novelist of our age. That may be so, but I cheerfully admit my inability to see the justice of such an estimate. Proust knows—or seems to know—too little to approach greatness. His world is the unreal, deliberately narrowed world of the introvert and pervert, with no suggestion of French reality beyond that of the author's meager emotional life. That richness, diversity, robust energy, and varied interest, and common sense of the great novelist,

above all that objectivity which clarifies the world as it is self-interpreted by the author-character, Proust has never showed, nor has he seemed to care. The complacency, if not the accomplishment of genius, has been his abiding self-defense.

Maxim Gorki, in "Bystander," although he follows the excursive, all-inclusive method of the Russian novelist like Dostoevski, is not by nature a novelist. He, unlike Unamuno, ignores the demands for reality of character, seems not to be aware of its consideration in the construction of a novel. "Bystander" is like Well's "Ann Veronica," for the two novelists are much alike. Gorki is concerned with the presentation of "the young intellectual" of before the Revolution, his origins, growth, and development, his milieu, and all the problems which it suggests, just as "Ann Veronica" is the type outline, not the individual story, of a young woman rebel. There is the same typicality in "Bystander" as in Floyd Dell's "Young Rebel" books, which never showed the faintest glimmer of reality of character. Gorki, Wells, Dell—they argue by means of the novel form; they preach sermons, and they debate. But they have no artistic community with the novelist as an artist. Clim, in "Bystander," remains a peg upon which Gorki hangs his picture, vivid and full, of Russian middle-class intellectual life, but Clim as a man to be sympathized with and understood emotionally, for one reader, never even begins to exist.

Robert Neumann, in "Flood," cares less about argument and politics than Gorki does. He preaches no sermon. Instead, like one of those German spectacle motion picture films which have become so familiar to all of us, he flashes before our eyes in "Flood" dozens of scenes of post-war decay in German social life, showing all the cheats, prostitutes, homosexuals, and neurotic unfortunates in that unsettled and depleted land. It is a horrible and convincing picture of a social state, of a lost country, with no suggestion in it of foundations which may some day support a

newer and stronger edifice. The individuals do not matter, in Mr. Neumann's scheme; they are no more important than those grasping hands and straining mouths and leering eyes which flash across a silver screen suggesting a mass emotion, a common fear. They are all important but not to themselves or in themselves. Both Gorki's book and Neumann's are full of understanding and are, to my mind, wonderful pieces of exposition on a grand scale. But they are not novels, and they never for one moment give that satisfaction of character reality which I think it not unfair to ask of the novel form, as one of its essential accomplishments.

It seems as if the novel on the continent is marking for itself different ends from that of the English novel. At least, to a stranger, accustomed to the novel of Richardson and Hardy and Jane Austen, the continental novel offers to its readers a different artistic satisfaction. It is critically unfair, I suppose, to demand similar artistic aims the world over. Yet, Unamuno recognizes the novel's need of reality, and he is looking for a way to increase the vitality of its characterization. As an American reader, I am hoping for an easy dissemination of Miguel de Unamuno's views. If reality in the novel be a fault, I cannot understand what it is the business of the novelist to do.

## BLACK MEN ACROSS AMERICA

By Clarence E. Cason

AS a Southern person, I have been a little thick to the persuasions of Northern commentators who see our land primarily studded with the race problem. Now and then it becomes irksome for strangers to insist constantly, as it were, upon entering our houses by the back

*The Negro in American Civilization.* By Charles S. Johnson and others. New York: Henry Holt and Company. $4.00. *The Negro Peasant Turns Cityward.* By Louise Venable Kennedy. New York: Columbia University Press. $4.25.

door. And while conscious that, in this day of the adding-machine and foot-rule technique, the mere feeling of a truth is hardly worth the utterance, I remain obdurate enough to preserve a conviction that many "scientific" studies of the Negro landscape are fundamentally both romantic and sentimental.

Indeed, this view, though robustly challenged, has not entirely succumbed before even such a book as Charles S. Johnson's "The Negro in American Civilization," which is to all appearances the most complete and authentic symposium of data ever assembled upon black America. The volume—538 pages in length—is one of the American Social Science Series, and the fact that Howard W. Odum is the editor of the group is enough to establish the prestige of this latest study, as well as to associate it with Dr. Odum's previous excursions into the field. Dr. Johnson is head of the department of sociology at Fisk University and was formerly editor of Opportunity and a director of research for the National Urban League. Miss Louise Venable Kennedy's "The Negro Peasant Turns Cityward" elaborates one aspect of the larger book. On the points of northward migrations and urbanization, the two volumes have much material in common.

Both volumes reiterate the facets of prejudice and injustice by reason of which the Negro's lot has fallen short of the ideal. The burden of reformation, characteristically, is placed almost wholly upon the white man, and the white man is expected to be motivated by such a power of philanthropic sympathy that his own selfish interests and racial attainments will be relegated. Such romanticism is construed without due reference to human nature. Further, there remains a question as to the absolute ill-treatment of the Negro by our not always solicitous civilization. The Negro janitor, who motors in his Ford, operates the dial of his radio, and wears natty clothing made to measure by a complex manufacturing system, would not be so fortunate,

as we measure good things in our time, had not his great-grandfather been transported from the precarious jungles of Africa to the relatively advanced rice fields of the Carolinas.

Dr. Johnson's book is of importance because it crystallizes the points of view of the several organizations and individuals that constitute the main active interest in Negro progress. Growing as it did from the comprehensive and decidedly significant program of the National Interracial Conference in Washington in 1928, the volume presents a composite picture of the field. Traditional problems such as agriculture and industry, health, law observance, citizenship, and racial prejudice are exhaustively treated.

Certain popular fallacies are exposed. At the same time, Dr. Johnson does not fall into the error of stating new conclusions with finality. He is satisfied to prove by means of abundant data that several common dogmas are at least open to serious question. For instance, he supplies convincing evidence that the Negro's susceptibility to certain diseases is relative rather than inherent, and that environment is perhaps the principal conditioning factor. Somewhat the same method is utilized in the intricate structure of citations touching upon the Negro's mental capacity. While the majority of the numerous tests appear to demonstrate clearly the inferiority of the mentality of Negro school children, Dr. Johnson justly inquires whether this delinquency may not be attributable largely to association and experience instead of entirely to racial incapacity. The points bear academic interest; furthermore, they may be experimentally serviceable in the pursuit of remedial measures.

Without doubt "The Negro in American Civilization" articulates and embodies the current leadership in racial adjustment. A section of the volume is devoted to topical discussions by Niles Carpenter, Louis I. Dublin, Raymond Pearl, Thorsten Selin, W. E. B. DuBois, and Herbert A.

Miller. The approach is never inflammatory; admirable restraint, objectivity, and good taste are apparent. While the section on citizenship and the franchise adumbrates a touch of impatience and irritation, one can allow for such an attitude.

Omission of one essential point of view may possibly detract from the completeness of the treatment. What is the feeling of the Southern white man who is above competition with the Negro and who consequently views racial problems without prejudice and, as a matter of fact, without considerable interest? To this type of person, unless he be an employer of labor, the Negro is primarily a domestic servant; the Negro shaves him and trims his hair, acts as his chauffeur, cooks most of his food, and—at tremendous hazard, if the psychologists be correct—raises most of his children.

This kind of man represents the ruling class in the South, where four-fifths of the Negroes still reside; consequently, the future of the Negro race rests largely in his keeping. In the vocations entailing racial competition which impinge upon his regular experience, he exhibits no preference for the white man. Rather, the reverse is true. He prefers the colored barber, the colored cook, waiter, and nurse girl, the Negro caddy on the golf course, and frequently the colored laundress and janitor. His preferences are based upon superior performance. The case for the Negro has always been flung at his face by means of arguments which lie wholly outside his perspective. After all, he possesses a natural regard for his own class and racial integrity. Therefore he ignores the arguments of those interested in Negro welfare, and his attitude, if expressed, is ignored by them. This mutual unconcern will not advance the aims which the National Interracial Conference believes desirable.

I lived for some years in an Alabama town where eastern Congregationalists maintained a large Negro college; there was no contact whatever between white members of the

faculty and the leading citizens of the town. The Southern white people considered the Northerners dangerous revolutionists, meddlers, and "nigger lovers." What the retaliatory expressions of the faculty members were I do not know, but they must have been uncomplimentary. Dr. Johnson quotes from E. B. Reuter the observation that the problem of racial attitudes is that of "defining relations in terms tolerable to the members of each racial group."

As a source book, Dr. Johnson's compilation is invaluable. It contains a wealth of documentation and statistical material. Masses of data have been collated and directed against a richly cultivated background. The studious scholarship of the book, however, is by no means oppressive; there is the ever present relief of skillful and vigorous interpretation. The work, while serious and purposeful, is not grim.

A delightful chapter describes parallels between the medical superstitions of the Negro and the beliefs of other primitives. The first chapter outlining the backgrounds of slavery, though drawn largely from such authorities as U. B. Phillips and Rupert Vance, is highly illuminating. In other parts of the book, one finds amusement in the outraged alarm of Cleveland residents suddenly faced with the actuality of Negro neighbors, as well as in such instances as that of the Nashville steam laundry wagons which haunt the campus of Fisk University flying banners with the legend, "No Negro Work Accepted." The reported Kolbs revolt in Alabama in 1892, when the upper class white people are said to have aligned themselves with Negro voters to prevent political inundation by the small farmers, is another rather ironical episode which is instantly instructive.

In its emphasis upon the economic basis of the principal movements conditioning the Negro in this country, "The Negro in American Civilization" is at the crux of the matter. The same pervading effect of industrial changes is al-

so the central thread in "The Negro Peasant Turns Cityward." Dr. Johnson shows how the Negroes were first brought to Virginia in 1619 to fill an economic need. The landed proprietors were helpless before the task of clearing and planting their vast acreages. At first the Africans were not slaves in a legal sense, though their status naturally was not greatly affected by the passage of laws making them private property. Dr. Johnson elucidates the theory that many of the current prejudices against the Negro are survivals of propaganda launched in order to justify the peonage statutes.

As under the Roman and Egyptian systems, slavery did not necessarily entail degradation; Negro slaves were sometimes graduates of such universities as Princeton and were competent teachers of the young men belonging to the highest social classes; others were physicians of repute, or artisans of such ability as to drive the white competitors from the field. As the slave-owning families moved into new territories, the small white farmers were pushed into the hills. This economic factor, together with unequal competition in the trades, is responsible, as Dr. Johnson points out, for the implications of such current expressions as "the white man's party" and "white supremacy." It is fundamental for one to understand that racial adjustment is at core a labor problem, which has in this democratic era assumed malignant political affiliations.

The South's early economic advantage over the North consisted of a cheap and docile labor supply. Miss Kennedy's book treats the problems which have arisen in northern cities as the unequal balance of agriculture and industry has drawn more than two million Negroes to these centers since 1920. In the manufacturing centers of the North, still partially under the sway of abolitionist propaganda of the type effused by Harriet Beecher Stowe, William Lloyd Garrison, Henry Ward Beecher, and Horace Greeley, the natural labor jealousies have been aggravated and made

really serious by the presence of a social problem. For the Negro has been led to expect social equality in the North.

The unfortunate thing about popular propaganda is that its effects remain long after its purpose has been achieved. Such was the case with the sentimental and romantic emotionalism spread about the Negro in Civil War days. Black hopes doomed to disappointment will result if the Negro today depends upon that emotionalism to direct his future. Already, on the higher planes of scholarship and the arts, the Negro has made his mark. On the lower planes, let him stand upon his own merits, neither weeping too piteously nor demanding too bitterly, and meet the conditions of reality as well as he is able. Toward that end "The Negro in American Civilization" and "The Negro Peasant Turns Cityward" are undoubtedly landmarks and assurances.

## THE PAGEANT OF AMERICA

By Archibald Henderson

ONE of the most interesting and well executed series of historical works in recent years is "The Chronicles of America" in fifty volumes, issued in various forms. Two by-products of that very successful series are the Chronicles of America Photoplays, which have been shown to millions of men, women, and children—especially school children; and "The Pageant of America," sub-entitled "A Pictorial History of the United States." The combined

*The Pageant of America: A Pictorial History of the United States.* Edited by R. H. Gabriel. 15 Vols. 1. Adventure in the Wilderness. By C. Wisler, C. L. Skinner, and W. Wood. 2. The Lure of the Frontier. By R. H. Gabriel. 3. Toilers of Land and Sea. By R. H. Gabriel. 4. The March of Commerce. By M. Keir. 5. The Epic of Industry. By M. Keir. 6. The Winning of Freedom. By W. Wood and R. H. Gabriel. 7. In Defense of Liberty. By W. Wood and R. H. Gabriel. 8. Builders of the Republic. By F. A. Ogg. 9. Makers of a New Nation. By J. S. Bassett. 10. American Idealism. By L. A. Weigle. 11. The American Spirit in Letters. By S. T. Williams. 12. The American Spirit in Art. By F. J. Mather, Jr., C. R. Morey, and W. J. Henderson. 13. The American Spirit in Architecture. By T. F. Hamlin. 14. The American Stage. By O. S. Coad and E. Mims, Jr. 15. Annals of American Sports. By J. A. Krout. New Haven: The Yale University Press.

title is fully descriptive; but the subtitle conveys a false impression. How easy it would have been to publish merely a "picture gallery," to throw on the screen of the page only an illustrative record of American life! Pictorial histories of the United States often irritate more than they please: the text is cluttered with illustrations with apparently no connection with the text. One searches the text in vain for any allusion to the illustrations; and often the picture, when it does illustrate the text, does not even appear opposite the page of text to which it refers. The text is one story, the illustrations another; the two run roughly parallel, with only occasional points of contact.

"The Pageant of America" avoids the obvious and perturbing defects just described. It is, actually, a history of the United States, running back to its earliest tangible origins. The volumes are written by highly competent authorities, as single authors or in collaboration. This work, while making no flamboyant claims for novelty or constructive research in original sources, as respecting the text, nevertheless is entitled to strong approbation for certain of the volumes as genuine contributions to knowledge. Conspicuous as composite summaries of a vast amount of scattered information and knowledge, not hitherto brought together in compact form of ready access to the general reader, the following volumes must be accorded particular praise: "Annals of American Sport," by John Allen Krout; "The American Stage," by Oral Sumner Coad and Edwin Mims, Jr.; "The American Spirit in Art," by Frank Jewett Mather, Jr., Charles Rufus Morey, and William James Henderson; "American Idealism," by Luther A. Weigle; "Toilers of Land and Sea," by Ralph Henry Gabriel, the general editor of the series; "The March of Commerce," by Malcolm Keir; and "The Epic of Industry," also by Malcolm Keir.

"The Pageant of America" is a superb series of books, judged from any standpoint: format, content, scholarship,

editorial supervision, general co-ordination and integration of availables. It is a readable, popular history of the United States, comprehensive in horizon yet specific in detail. It is, incomparably, the most lavishly illustrated history of this country ever published or likely to be published in many a year. The text describes the illustrations, either by caption or by particular or by immediately accompanying letterpress. The illustrations range from the eleventh century, with a page from the Latin manuscript of Adam of Bremen, containing the first mention of Vinland, virtually down to the publication of the last volume to be issued. For seven years a competent research staff made exhaustive investigation in hundreds of libraries, universities, museums, repositories of historical data of every description, in this and nine foreign countries. Innumerable photographs were made of the material objects; many special maps were executed especially for this work by Gregor Noetzel, staff member of the American Geographical Society; and a number of paintings were made for this series alone. Moreover a very large number of portraits and paintings of historic scenes have been reproduced; and fortunately the number of imaginative portraits is exceedingly small. In all, the fifteen volumes contain more than ten thousand illustrations. Each volume contains upwards of seven hundred illustrations, and sixty thousand words of text. The paper, especially made for this series, is soft and artistic in appearance; and the illustrations, many of them minute, are for the most part reproduced with clear definition of detail. One reason for this is that the illustrations were printed from the original half-tones, although this greatly increased the time required for bringing out the elaborate work.

The work is its own excuse for being. Here history tells itself. One almost feels that this work makes the teacher, the lecturer, superfluous. A Martian, forming his first acquaintance of the United States by means of these volumes, would gain a very respectable notion of our civiliza-

tion from the pictures alone. Unfortunately, on account of its bulk, this work cannot well be used as a text; but for any teacher of American history, whether in high school, college, or university, it is an indispensable work of reference. It is the best "machine" yet devised for exciting the unawakened interest of the American boy and girl in the history of our country.

The work is an impressive pageant of the triumphant sweep of American progress. It is a grand review of national rise and advance. It is idealistic, throughout; and stresses those features of American life and culture deserving of emulation. There are two noticeable faults of the work, which constitute the defects of its qualities. The illustrations do not exhibit the darker and more reprehensible aspects of American life, as clearly contrary to the pervasively bouyant and deliberately optimistic spirit. Moreover, the deeper currents of American life—the development of thought, the rise of philosophy, the birth-pangs and growing-pains of the national epos—these defy the art of picturization.

## FAREWELL TO HUMANISM

By Charles Frederick Harrold

ONE of the most disheartening features of intellectual life in America is the fact that ideas fall in and out of fashion with the rapidity and perversity of fashions in millinery. Even if one could not sympathize with the New Humanists, there was at least the hope that their rather arrogant and confused attempt at seizing intellectual leadership might develop into a situation of some consequence, producing at least an interesting, perhaps amusing, reaction from their enemies. Nothing of the sort is hap-

*The Critique of Humanism: A Symposium.* Edited by C. Hartley Grattan. New York: Brewer and Warren. $3.50.

pening. It is safe to say that both Humanism and Anti-Humanism, as aspects of a controversy, are well on the way to the speedy decrepitude which overtakes so many ideas in our peculiar American intellectual climate. "The Critique of Humanism" puts a period to the incredible spurt of doctrine that fell upon us last January. Not that its contributors have done so effective a bit of work that Messrs. Babbitt, More, and Foerster will hang their heads in shame and cease to yearn after "decorum," "the inner check," and "the higher immediacy." On the whole, Mr. Grattan's little band of critics is little more illuminating than the satellites of Professor Babbitt. With the exception of Mr. Grattan himself, who argues seriously and astutely, Mr. Edmund Wilson, who is characteristically urbane and trenchant, and Mr. Burton Rascoe, who is perhaps the most sensible of all in throwing a liberal element of clown-play into the controversy, there is not much to prefer. Mr. Allen Tate, for example, in "The Fallacy of Humanism," has not been sure that his light is not darkness; at least the reader's darkness will probably be as oppressive and impenetrable as before, after repeated attempts to grapple with his terms and his casual allusions. Bernard Bandler II contents himself with a semi-biographical account of Professor More—a procedure much like that which caused the Anti-Humanists to pounce upon Mr. Robert Shafer's essay on Dreiser. Mr. Yvor Winters talks of "mid-Americanism" and "the great stylists of the middle and earlier generations," by which he means Ezra Pound, Wallace Stevens, Marianne Moore, T. S. Eliot. He regards William Carlos Williams as "a major writer." If "the higher immediacy" or "the inner check" presented difficulties for complete comprehension, are we to accept placidly such indeterminate expressions as "mid-Americanism" ("mid" from what date or period?), "major writer" ("major" by what canon?), or "great stylists" ("stylists" in what sense, dandiacally?)? And what, after all, have these matters to do with the Humanist tempest-in-a-

teapot? The strongest pieces in the volume are by Lewis Mumford ("Towards an Organic Humanism"), Henry Hazlitt ("Humanism and Value"), and Joseph Chamberlain ("Drift and Mastery in our Novelists").

One closes the book, however, with the regret that not one of these contributors thought the general subject deserved more than a pamphlet. The majority of the essays have appeared in periodicals. They were composed either between the routine duties of harried journalists or as jobs set before them by editors capitalizing a flurry among the intellectuals. Perhaps the curious and pathetic phenomenon of Humanism, as outlined in "Humanism and America," deserves no more than a blanket attack by pamphleteers pausing from their regular duties. On the other hand, Humanism is not an independent phenomenon; it has implications, it suggests timid and shy yearnings after something a little less brash and mechanical and immature than the Mencken decade could provide. As such it deserves a more thorough-going treatment. As a movement in itself, it deserved much less—not much more than Mr. Rascoe's devastating foolery. But there is every possibility that the whole Humanistic question, as it now presents itself, will be irrelevant in six more months, if not before. Mr. More will shut himself up with the Hindus, Mr. Babbitt will resume his desperate pursuit of Rousseau, and all the sad young men just out of college and looking for ideas with which to pull themselves into the reviews will have to turn away from the professors, renounce the enchantment of wielding proud old words like "Platonic" and "Humanism" and of making learned references to Sophocles and the Confucian Analects, and engage themselves in the heart-breaking task of creating or criticising contemporary American literature.

# SELLING THE UNIVERSE

By Carroll Mason Sparrow

MANY years ago a friend of mine remarked to me that everything in this world had four dimensions: length, breadth, thickness,—and cost. Quite apart from the fact that he anticipated Einstein by nearly a decade (since, after all, time is money), my respect for his profundity has grown with the years; for it is only by including this economic aspect of anything human that we can see it, *teres atque rotundus,* in its place in the world of men.

Books are a case in point. A book is not only something written; it is something published, and the fact of its publication is evidence of that other dimension. To cover paper with a series of marks, more or less meaningful, is one thing; to extract from these sheets bread and butter and tobacco and motor cars is quite another. The dollars which you distill from them must have been written into them; only by virtue of that added dimension can your words fight their way in the world in competition with all the other robust contestants for your neighbor's pocket-book. This dual aspect of a book, as something written and as something published, must be kept clearly before us if we would keep our feet in the path of reality. The critic who takes this to heart will find a new freedom in the cosmic outlook which he acquires. The work which casts its shadow on the stars is less suited as a measure of present day man than the best seller, free from all taint of high originality; for this derives its significance from the public demand. It is thick in that other dimension, measured in dollars that might have been spent for silk socks, gas, or bootleg gin. It is true that books of this sort rarely compete with necessities. George Gissing might go without food to possess a cherished vol-

*Man and His Universe.* By John Langdon-Davies. New York: Harper and Brothers. $5.00.

ume, but that volume would be very slim in its fourth dimension.

The minds of most critics being only three dimensional, they make the mistake of assuming that all commonplace books are alike, noting only the deficiency in the qualities they can comprehend. The best seller may be dull, but it is a kind of superlative dullness which is a very positive quality, to which the common man responds instinctively. It is only recently that we have come to recognize the significance of the dime novel as a literary species. This extra dimension enters our consciousness only on the instinctive level; it thus escapes the intellectualized processes of the critic, who sees only the banality. Further, I agree with the late Frank Moore Colby in believing that great gifts are rarely prostituted in the writing of such books. Those who succeed eminently in popularity are not usually capable of anything more original. Genius nearly always separates a man from his fellows; W. H. Hudson could no more do a Zane Grey story than Elihu Root could be Calvin Coolidge. Sincerity of effort is a part of the picture. Those who will may deplore the popular taste,

> It's human nature sir, I know,
> But then, ain't human nature low?

but, still following Mr. Colby, I prefer to disavow my personal responsibility for the state of the universe as a whole. We still have with us Mr. H. G. Wells to attend to any matters in which God seems negligent. It is an age of specialization, and I feel free to enjoy the spectacle without a pang of conscience.

The point of all this is in its application to a particular literary *genre,* popular science, and to the book under review. For I found "Man and His Universe" so bad, so incredibly bad, according to any standards that I could apply, that I was at first inclined to treat it as negligible. Further reflection, however, showed me that in this I was wrong. Behind those meaningless generalizations, that

woolly logic, those uninspired prophesyings, lies something discernible to an astute publisher, something convertible into dollars. Small as it is in those three dimensions which are all I can directly perceive, it extends far in that invisible and intangible direction whose existence is assured me by the observable facts. Of course, I may be wrong in assuming that it will have a wide sale; there merely seems no reason why it should not. And it is as a type that it derives its importance.

First of all, let me try to give some idea of how bad it is. The central theme of the book is interesting enough, though it cannot carry the load which has been put upon it. Mr. Langdon-Davies tries to tell the story of man's shifting religious conceptions as influenced by his intellectual progress. As the author states his thesis:

> The whole history of science has been a direct search for God; deliberate and conscious, until well into the eighteenth century, and since then unconscious, for the most part, because so much had been discovered about God by then that scientists began to think fit to change the name of the object of their search. Copernicus, Kepler, Galileo, Newton, Leibnitz and the rest did not merely believe in God in an orthodox sort of way, they believed that their work told humanity more about God than had been known before. Their incentive in working at all was a desire to know God, and they regarded their discoveries as not only proving his existence, but as revealing more and more of his nature. If men had not wanted to know about God, it is highly doubtful if they would have worried to know about nature.

It is clearly unfair to demand of the author an exhaustive treatment, either of the facts of science or of its history. He has a right to "hit the high places" in science and history, and to avoid irrelevant detail. None the less it is an ambitious programme, demanding for its proper execution a rare combination of qualities: historical insight, a religious nature, and a thorough understanding of many sciences, all welded by a philosophic outlook. It were hardly surprising

if an author should be found deficient in some of these requirements, but a careful search fails to reveal that Mr. Langdon-Davies has any of them. His inability to enter sympathetically into medieval thought makes him misread history. The medieval monk or schoolman, slave of ancient authority, poring over Aristotle, is to him little better than a savage. It is easy to parody the Middle Ages by quoting Chassenée on the legal prosecution of animals, but what civilization or age has ever lacked its solemn asses? Even in enlightened 1930 some of these can command a wide hearing. In war-torn Europe learning could exist only in scattered oases; it was of necessity confined to men withdrawn from the world. These found in the ancient books, the fruit of a happier time, the unattainable perfection that they craved. Aristotle became for them what Clifford said of Euclid, "the purifier of the reasonable soul." No schoolman's picture of the universe is more childish than Mr. Langdon-Davies' portrait of the schoolman. Nor was the church intolerant until the Reformation. The prosecution of Galileo by the Inquisition was anti-red hysteria born of crumbling political power. It is one thing to smile at the schoolmen—we may join Chaucer's merry company or straddle the cask with Rabelais—; it is another to regard them as subhuman.

On the religious side, Mr. Langdon-Davies, for all his iteration of "religion" and "search for God" gives little impression of a hart panting for the water brooks. He does not define religion explicitly, but the word is for him pretty clearly a synonym for theology, of a very flat and arid species, plus a little emotion of the "ain't Nature grand?" type. Even with this much diluted conception he makes far too much, I think, of the idea that Copernicus and Kepler were primarily theologians. The admixture of theological matter in their works seems to me rather a rationalization of their purely intellectual curiosity. For Galileo and Newton the case is still weaker. With them it

is God as a scientific hypothesis, a convenient carryall for unsolved puzzles, which were unloaded on the divine omnipotence in much the same way that nineteenth century physics used the ether.

The rigid adherence to this formula as an explanation of the advance of science, leads our author still further astray when he reaches Darwin. For he waves aside, as quite subsidiary and irrelevant, the practical fruits of science in technology and medicine. But surely it was these that gave science its prestige with the multitude, and made possible the transmutation of Darwin's purely biological theory of descent with modification into Evolution with a capital E, and the doctrine of human perfectibility.

For six chapters we are led through the story of man's upward struggle. Anyone who wishes may compare the naïve lines of this picture with the scholarly and sympathetic account in Dr. J. H. Randall's "The Making of the Modern Mind." All through these six chapters we are steeped in gloom, but here and there are thrown out hints of better times coming. The barbarism which succeeded the savagery of the middle ages, though mitigated by Darwin, lasted till the end of the century. Matter was becoming more material every day, while science had about petered out after taking away all human hope.

Then, "came the dawn," and the concluding seventh chapter entitled "The New Renaissance." A few years before there had been portents, such as Röntgen's discovery. It adds not a little to our respect for our parents to be told that they were not entirely steeped in savagery:

> Imagine Röntgen describing his discovery in seventeenth century Pisa: he would have been indicted for sorcery and heresy. But by 1895, though humanity had not really advanced very far, it was able to accept the facts as Röntgen's experiments revealed them.

But the true heralds of the new order were Freud and Einstein. We still await the coming of a third who will do

for biology what Einstein has done for physics, though Mr. Langdon-Davies has his instructions ready for him when he arrives. But now our author swaps horses in mid-stream. He is obviously ill at ease in the intricacies of modern physics, and skips over embarrassing points with the hush-hush air of a Victorian mother expounding the stork theory to her young. But, he says airily, these are not really important. What really matters is the effect of science on man's "overbeliefs"; this in fact "really justifies science." The distinction between *Ueberglaube* and *Aberglaube* is not always clear to me, but I probably demand too much of Mr. Langdon-Davies. Perhaps it is the age-old riddle of the ego and the non-ego.

Our debt to Freud is rather briefly appraised. The overbeliefs which our author credits to him may not unfairly be regarded as the legitimate offspring of Freud's ideas.

> . . . the overbeliefs which Freud has made possible may be wise or foolish, correct or mistaken, it does not alter the fact that they have captured our imaginations and altered our attitude toward life. And the chief effects are to be found in the most practical parts of our everyday philosophy, in questions of conduct and behaviour. The picture of the universe which includes a Freudian tinge can never inspire the same attitude towards moral questions as a picture without it.

There is no need to describe these overbeliefs in detail. The public idea of Freud as the man who first gave science sex-appeal, is not a bad summary of them. But what of Einstein? You have probably thought of Relativity as a dull, technical term of good philosophic standing and long lineage. You were mistaken; it is magic, like abracadabra. It induces the overest kind of overbeliefs:

> Relativity has the great advantage over evolution as a magic word in that it is more mysterious: the number of people who know that relativity theory is vastly important and vastly beyond their grasp adds to the strength of the

desire to use relativity as a symbol; to get a vicarious pleasure by way of analogy. Nor is this an altogether regrettable thing, for, as we have seen again and again, it is the overbelief that science gives mankind that really justifies science.

Let us look at some of these overbeliefs. First, there is the Economic Man, "the idea that in all times and in all places men will work only to gain their daily bread." Relativity killed him. The task was doubly difficult as he was already as dead as Rousseau's Noble Savage, so he had to be revived first. The revival is accomplished thus: Hitherto the economic man had only been killed by facts, hence he was not really dead, for "There are always sufficient facts lying about to prove or disprove anything about human conduct." Only when the facts are selected by the appropriate overbelief, when they go into battle with the magic word on their lips, have they any value as evidence. The author finds the appropriate facts lying around in the Trobriand Islands, off the coast of New Guinea:

> The Trobrianders are great cultivators of gardens in which they produce yams. The believer in the economic man will assume that in this task each man will cultivate the garden in the most labour-saving way known to him; that he will work to produce only as much as he requires for his family to eat; that in order to do his work well he must have the inducement of enjoying the fruits of his labour; in short, that he works, rather than idles, from motives of enlightened self-interest.
>
> In actual fact none of these assumptions is correct: the gardener spends much time on unproductive labour, decorating his garden and using better quality materials than are needed for the proper growth of the plants; he grows far more yams than he can use, and cheerfully leaves half the harvest, if it is abundant, to rot; and finally he is content with a social convention which allows him only one quarter of his harvest for his own use, and makes him give away the rest chiefly to his relations-in-law.

The ways of the Trobriander must indeed seem strange

to the perspiring suburbanite as he pushes his lawn-mower, or digs among his tulips.

Again, take poor Othello. "Nothing seems so absolute and unchanging as sexual jealousy," but in Nigeria

> . . . if a girl betrothed to one man has a child by another, her betrothed does not break the engagement; far from it, he claims the infant as his own property into the bargain.

Facts like these lay around unnoticed until Einstein wrote "Zur Elektrodynamik bewegter Körper." Now we understand them. It's relativity. Half a century ago Walter Bagehot said it was Evolution, but the word wasn't magic enough. For it made us think of such things as primitive customs, instead of seeing the beautiful broad-mindedness of it all. As the last chapter draws to a close we are led from height to height. Down go the *mores* of a dead age before the conquering onrush of relativity, "and the name of a physical theory becomes a dogma which alters that part of religion which is concerned with a man's duty toward his neighbour." It obviously needed altering, for here is the final triumph, selected from the text as the most appropriate epigraph for Einstein's portrait:

> Thus it comes about, fantastic though it may sound, that men lie with their neighbours' wives denuded of the last shred of a guilty conscience, because observations of the changes of Mercury's perihelion enabled Einstein to alter our ideas about space-time!

This, then, is what "really justifies science." If only it had been Venus instead of Mercury, it would have justified astrology as well; for surely we touch here on some obscure planetary influence on human destiny. Thus the sun rises in glory on the new day, "the last of life, for which the first was made."

"And so to bed."

# FIGURES IN PERSPECTIVE

By Dexter Perkins

IT IS one of the fascinations of history that the past which it reveals is always open to re-interpretation and re-evaluation. There are, thank Heaven, no final truths to accept, no dogmatic standards to which to bow. There is always room for the play of imagination and fancy, for a reassessment of facts already known, and as time passes, and brings perspective with it, room, too, to understand more accurately and more sympathetically, the views of widely differing men, of widely differing cultures, of widely differing societies. Looked at from this standpoint, no historical period could be more interesting, or more worthy of study, than the period from 1850 to 1876, with the deep division of the North and South which it reveals, with the clash of arms in which it culminates, and with the slow return to normality and the healing of the breach after the years of war. The time has now long gone by for the partisan of narrowly sectional view. Northern-trained historians must, perforce, recognize and teach many things in a spirit widely different from that of their fathers or grandfathers. They know that the slave system as it grew and flourished in the South was by no means the utterly repulsive thing painted by Northern abolitionists, that, condemned though it was to be by the spirit of the age, it could even appear gracious and humane in its highest form, and that there is nothing particularly strange in the fact that those who lived under it, and who saw its operation, could hardly envisage any other relationship between the white man and the black man. They can readily understand the injured pride of the South, the passionate resentment that was gen-

*John Brown. The Making of a Martyr.* By Robert Penn Warren. New York: Brewer and Warren. $5.00. *Jefferson Davis: Political Soldier.* By Elisabeth Brown Cutting. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $5.00. *Rutherford B. Hayes: Statesman of Reunion.* By H. J. Eckenrode. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $5.00.

erated there, as the propaganda against slavery gained headway in the North. When it comes to the Civil War, they can comprehend that the South, in its own view, at any rate, was fighting the same battle for self-determination and the right to determine its own destiny that the thirteen colonies had fought in 1776, and that, whatever the constitutional historians on the one side or the other may say, on this broad issue of self-government the South was right. As for the period after the War, it is now many years that it has been frankly recognized that the policy of foisting negro suffrage upon the former slave states was a dismal failure, and that it accomplished far more evil than good, in sharpening racial antagonism and sectional cleavage. These facts no longer require demonstration. On the other hand, the objective Southerner has his allowances to make for the Northern point of view. That slavery deserved to perish, both from the moral and the economic point of view, he can now cheerfully admit. That the victory of the North in the War between the States was fortunate for both sections he will be ready to acknowledge. Even the Reconstruction period may look a little different in perspective. It is to be set down that the rejection of the Fourteenth Amendment by the Southern legislatures in the summer and fall of 1866 had much to do with strengthening the Vindictives in the North, and in paving the way for the process of military rule; and that the process of political proscription was perhaps less prolonged and less savage in the case of the War Between the States than in the case of almost any similar struggle in history. These things, on the one hand and the other, stand out in the cool view which a perspective of more than half a century makes possible.

The books which stand at the head of this review all have to do with this perspective, though contributing in varying degrees to making it clearer. The most interesting of the three (not wholly because it deals with so interesting a figure) is Mr. Robert Penn Warren's "John Brown." No

character more fully illustrates the moral cleavage of the sections in the '50's and the '60's than the subject of this work. To the Northern troops who marched out to vindicate the Union, John Brown became a martyr whose soul was "marching on"; to the Southerner he could be nothing less than a fanatic whose criminal enterprise at Harper's Ferry justified his end at the hands of the common hangman, a foe of the human race, as Colonel Preston phrased it that grim November day of 1859.

The most significant biography of John Brown, until that of Mr. Warren, was undoubtedly the careful, even monumental, work of Mr. Oswald Garrison Villard. Mr. Villard did spade-work in the gathering of materials, and he writes with a commendable effort at fairness; but none the less his book is suffused with the Abolitionist view-point. To Mr. Villard the memory of this Northern farmer, who died upon the gibbet in the cause of anti-slavery, is "a sacred, a solemn, and an inspiring American heritage." This is not the view of Mr. Warren. No excessive admiration for John Brown can be attributed to him. It is very clear that the fanatic point of view, represented by the subject of his research, is not congenial to him, and not entirely easy for him to understand. One may readily grant that the motives actuating John Brown, like the motives actuating most human beings, were mixed ones, that altruism and self-interest often operated side by side. Yet it seems to the reviewer that Mr. Warren is a little harsh in striking the balance, and has hardly realized the depth of the fanatic passion that led Brown on to the massacres on the Pottawatamie, and to the crowning folly (if you will) of Harper's Ferry. It is difficult to steer a true course between sentimentality on the one hand, and cynicism on the other.

In the main, however, Mr. Warren has produced a picture of this fascinating character which seems a little truer, and, on the whole, more objective than that of Mr. Villard. With careful marshalling of the facts, and with an attractive lit-

erary style (all too rare amongst contemporary historians), he has painted for us a skilful picture of this shiftless Northern farmer and business man, of the clash of factions in Kansas, of the unscrupulous and not always courageous activities of the Massachusetts Abolitionists who backed Brown in his final enterprise, and of the stern and impressive drama with which Brown's life closed. It can truly be said of this book that it is a notable biography, and a notable contribution to the understanding of a complex personality.

On the central question raised by the figure with which he deals, Mr. Warren expresses no clear-cut opinion, though his point of view is hardly doubtful. What, in proper historical perspective, must be our view of John Brown? The answer, hardly doubtful, is that he does not seem very admirable or very important in the long run. There is room to admire the courage and fortitude with which he met his death; and it is, of course, true that the cause in which he believed triumphed. But the eventual extinction of slavery in the United States ought not blind any thoughtful man to the fact that Brown sought that extinction by methods utterly to be reprobated, and that he contributed very little to the final result. The judgment of moderate men condemned him at the time, and it must still more overwhelmingly condemn him today. It was his good fortune to die in the manner of a martyr, and for the slaves whom he attempted to succour to become free in due course of time; but it is difficult to imagine that events would have run a very different course if he had never lived, or that he contributed anything vital to the cause which he championed. That cause had been gaining ground long before he appeared upon the scene as its protagonist; and its eventual success lies in forces and events far more vital than his personality. To admire Brown, moreover, one must take the uncompromisingly radical view of life; and in the radical method, yes, the method of naked force, force to the uttermost, in settling public questions. This is a good deal to ask of most of us. The

Northern historian of today, indeed, musing upon the events of three quarters of a century ago, has doubts which the men of the '50's never felt, and asks himself the question (even if he cannot answer it), whether the only road to the extinction of slavery led through the hard path of sectional antagonism and bloody war, or whether, with more forbearance and understanding on the part of the North, the slave system might not have perished in the South, as it perished elsewhere, without a great civil convulsion accompanying its demise. Neither as matters were, nor as they might have been, does John Brown appear the hero that he seemed to the Abolitionists of 1860.

The perspective that it is now possible to apply to John Brown is equally possible to apply to Jefferson Davis. No one today would be so caddish as was Theodore Roosevelt in the hot days of his youth, in linking the names of Jefferson Davis and Benedict Arnold in a common condemnation. But it is also almost impossible today to conceive of this Mississippi slave-holder as a very imposing figure. The symbol of the heroic resistance of the South to Northern domination he may still remain. A certain distinction he may fairly be conceded to have possessed. But he need no longer be the subject of romantic admiration, any more than of blind hostility. Miss Cutting's work upon him covers not uninterestingly the story of his life, and the salient facts in the larger story of conflict about which that life revolved. Much of it, indeed, is the history of the period, rather than straight biography. The figure that emerges from its pages is not strikingly different from that already known. What is striking is the even temper in which Davis is discussed. Miss Cutting's book, like Mr. Warren's, is written with a considerable degree of objectivity.

There is one respect, however, in which the author treads on perilous ground. In more than one place she suggests a comparison between the President of the Confederacy and Woodrow Wilson. Points of likeness there may be, pride,

the temperament of the orator, intensity of feeling, and high public spirit, to mention several. But in larger matters there can be no comparison. Mr. Davis, by Miss Cutting's own showing, was hardly a great executive. There is, on the other hand, no example of war leadership in our whole history more magnificent than that of the man who led us through the Great War. Mr. Davis's public career ended in the collapse of the cause to which he dedicated himself. Only in the superficial sense is this true of Wilson. The great international institution which he did so much to found still lives, and grows, a monument to his vision. The aspirations which he voiced find constant expression in the foreign policy of the United States. The foreign policies of the great states of Europe in the last decade bear the impress of the noble idealism which he embodied. Time may weaken the peace forces which are now so strong. But it can only serve to make clearer that Woodrow Wilson was the protagonist of a great and successful movement of opinion, in his own day and generation, and that in essentials (despite the election of 1920) he and the things for which he stood have won no small measure of triumph.

In one sense, of course, the statement that Jefferson Davis failed requires qualification. If, in the essential matter of slavery, the North imposed its views upon the South, in the building up of new relationships between white and black the ideal of states' rights was in the long run vindicated. The career of Rutherford B. Hayes derives its principal interest from the fact that it illustrates this vindication. Mr. Eckenrode has written a most interesting biography of this important figure. He frankly adopts the view, now so widely accepted, that the North, in its Reconstruction policy, was wrong. In the judgment of the reviewer, he could do more than he does to make that policy understandable, if not justifiable. He intimates that Hayes approved that policy during his years in Congress from the pure conformity of the politician. But Hayes was, in the Presidency, one

of the most independent-minded executives we have ever had. May he not, with others, have shared in the passion and mistrust of the South which characterized the later '60's? On the other hand, Mr. Eckenrode stresses a point of high significance when he points out that it was a great boon to both sections that the final act of withdrawing the troops from the South came from a Republican President. Had Tilden taken office in 1876, and acted precisely as Hayes did act, the partisan debate might have raged for some time to come. But for a Republican President to take such action closed the door to further controversy. Though Mr. Eckenrode believes, and indeed demonstrates, that an honest examination of the returns in the hectic campaign of '76 would have shown that Tilden was elected, it was a piece of national good fortune that Hayes attained the Presidency.

Mr. Eckenrode has done well with Hayes, without blind eulogy. He does not, perhaps, quite do justice to his subject as Governor. But the general impression is accurate and sound.

All three of these books bring perspective to their respective subjects. As one lays them down, one finds oneself inquiring if perspective must always be the virtue only of historians. Might not a little more detachment, and a broader understanding of other peoples' motives and point of view be of value if it were more often brought to the study of our contemporary problems, from national prohibition to international peace?

# THOMAS HARDY: AN AUTHORIZED RECORD

By Edward Wagenknecht

WITH the newly-published "Later Years of Thomas Hardy," Mrs. Hardy completes the account of her husband's life which she began two years ago. Her books are as unpretentious, as unsophisticated as the character of the man of whom she writes. They are, indeed, a "record" rather than a "biography," innocent of any trace of biographical art, and quite without any literary merit of their own. Nevertheless, Mrs. Hardy has performed an invaluable service. She was too close to her husband to attempt an "interpretation" of him. That may safely be left for later writers. What she has done is the thing that needed to be done first and that she only could do. She has provided the material upon which all future studies must be based.

There emerges from her pages the image of an extraordinarily sensitive, extraordinarily humane and thoughtful man, a man marked by such sincerity and earnestness as one might expect to find in the Bible or "The Pilgrim's Progress," but which seldom turns up in a great modern novelist and poet. Hardy said of himself that he was a child till he was sixteen, a youth till he was five-and-twenty, and a young man till he was nearly fifty. In the best sense he was childlike till he was eighty: he never lost the humility, the sweet singleness that the Highest Authority we have in these matters judged fundamental to all truly spiritual character. And his art, for all its fine maturity, retained something of the same simplicity: he was a fine artist but there was nothing "arty" about him. He thought the happiest results often came through accident, and he liked big, imperfect things much better than he liked small designs flawlessly worked

*The Early Life of Thomas Hardy, 1840-1891. The Later Years of Thomas Hardy, 1892-1928.* By Florence Emily Hardy. New York: The Macmillan Company. Each, $5.00.

out. After he read Henry James's "The Reverberator," he decided that was the kind of novel he did not want to write. His poems have rough spots in them, but they are there because he deliberately put them there: he had a horror of absolute regularity. A long poem, he believed, should not be "poetical" all the way through. Though William Morris is not mentioned in these volumes, Hardy admired the spontaneous and the unsophisticated in art quite as much as Morris did.

Yet he appreciated the value of his work. And he was, it seems, much more sensitive to criticism than a man who really understands the significance of what he is doing ought to be. Heaven knows that in his case criticism was stupid and uncomprehending, even more than it usually is. Having read The Spectator's review of "Desperate Remedies," having digested Jeannette Gilder's hysterical strictures on "Jude the Obscure," having actually been compelled to dismember "Tess of the d'Urbervilles" in order to secure magazine publication at all, Hardy might well have been pardoned had he concluded that all reviewers are mad. But he did worse than that. For while it is true that in his heart he had always been a poet and not a novelist, still the fact remains that it was the press reception of "Jude" that caused him to abandon fiction when he did. "A man must be a fool to deliberately stand up to be shot at."

His humanity shows most attractively in his sensitiveness to the suffering of animals. Hunting he regarded with abhorrence, as he did the habit of confining pet birds in cages. The sight of animals being taken to market caused him acute suffering. When W. T. Stead asked him to contribute to an anti-war symposium, he replied, characteristically, that a beginning might be made "by covenanting that no horses should be employed in battle except for transport." Even Darwinian evolution only deepened his sense of pity, seemed indeed to give a scientific basis for it: "Few people seem to perceive fully as yet that the most far-reaching con-

sequence of the establishment of the common origin of all species, is ethical; that it logically involves a readjustment of altruistic morals by enlarging as a *necessity of rightness* the application of what has been called 'The Golden Rule' beyond the area of mere mankind to that of the whole animal kingdom."

Though Hardy's religious views gave pain to many of his readers, few men have been more thoroughly Christian in spirit than he was. He was reared in a Christian atmosphere, and whatever happened later to his mind, his heart never changed, any more than George Eliot's did. In 1890 he wrote: "I have been looking for God 50 years, and I think that if he had existed I should have discovered him." Yet he insisted that he was never "a clamourous atheist," but rather "a harmless agnostic." When he was invited to join a rationalist society, he firmly declined, as he did also later when the ubiquitous—and "clamourous"—Joseph McCabe proposed including him in a biographical dictionary of modern rationalists. He was strongly provoked by those who insisted that the Aeschylean close of one of his most popular novels—"The President of the Immortals had finished his sport with Tess"—must be an expression of his personal philosophy. He had no system, he would insist, "only a confused heap of impressions"—and as a poet he was drawn profoundly *towards* belief: there was nothing of the iconoclast in him. Sometimes he feared that humanity had grown beyond Nature. "It may be questioned if Nature, or what we call Nature, so far back as when she crossed the line from invertebrates to vertebrates, did not exceed her mission. This planet does not supply the materials for happiness to higher existences." When Alfred Noyes accused him of teaching by implication "that the Power behind the Universe was an imbecile jester," he replied, "My imagination may have often run away with me; but all the same, my sober opinion —so far as I have any definite one—of the Cause of Things, has been defined in scores of places, and is that of a great

many ordinary thinkers: that the said Cause is neither moral nor immoral but *un*moral: 'loveless and hateless' I have called it, 'which neither good nor evil knows'—etc., etc.—(you will find plenty of these definitions in 'The Dynasts' as well as in short poems, and I am surprised that you should not have taken them in)." Hardy's religious life may be pronounced unsatisfactory, like that of all men who have to live in one age while their heart is in another, but it is a serious mistake to regard him as in any sense hostile to religion.

In closing, a word should be said concerning the unusual physical beauty of these books. For example, even one photogravure is rare in a five dollar book these days. These two volumes have eleven between them, as well as numerous facsimiles and half-tones. They are books that it is a joy to own.

## EMILY DICKINSON AND THE "GHOSTS"

By James Southall Wilson

THE writing of a modern biography has something in common with presenting a new theory as to the authorship of Shakespeare's plays: it is necessary to find a principle for a new cryptogram that will make the known words fit together so that they will say the things that one wishes them to say. Emily Dickinson was born on December tenth, 1830, at Amherst, Massachusetts. Three or four poems were obscurely published in her lifetime. She lived in retirement most of her life at her father's home and after his death with her sister Lavinia; and died, known only to a few friends, May fifteenth, 1886. That, except for the intense inner life of the poet that has record in her

*The Life and Mind of Emily Dickinson.* By Genevieve Taggard. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $4.00. *Emily Dickinson, Friend and Neighbor.* By MacGregor Jenkins. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $3.00.

poems, is almost her complete story, as it is definitely known; that,—and the simple, homely incidents of callers and letters and gingerbread for children that were a part of every gentle spinster's life in those sober New England times.

For once the world was fortunate as it had been when William Shakespeare left his works and so few records of his life after he had closed his books. Whatever the Emily Dickinson was that wrote the poems, the life or personality of the poet could not come between her readers and the poems. In 1890 Mabel Loomis Todd and Thomas Wentworth Higginson published the first volume of "Poems." A year later "Poems, Second Series" was issued, with the same editors. Her "Letters" were edited by Mrs. Todd in 1894 and "Poems, Third Series" followed in 1896. The two friends, acting for her sister, Lavinia, had selected these three volumes of verse from manuscripts that are known to have included as many as twelve hundred poems and are estimated now by some to represent at least two thousand pieces. What part these belated volumes had in determining the currents of American verse during the four decades that have passed since can never be estimated. Their success was immediate, but only in the last ten years has the universality of Emily Dickinson's fame and possible influence become sufficiently apparent. The tones and the values in her verse belong obviously with the tones and values that have gained acceptance between the publication of her poems and the present time, but how far she was accepted because she belonged and how far she helped form the modern ear is easier to wrangle over than to determine. Meantime her lovers found the poet sufficiently in her poems and were not greatly disquieted that this vibrant and wise poetry had been written by an obscure little woman in Amherst. Then in 1924 her niece, Austin Dickinson's daughter, Madame Martha Bianchi, published "The Life and Letters of Emily Dickinson" and a year later the

"Complete Poems of Emily Dickinson." Even had there not been the importance of an event given to the publication by Madame Bianchi in 1929 of "Further Poems, Withheld from Publication by her Sister Lavinia," it would have been the time for more books about Emily Dickinson. The curtain was dark before an intensely interested audience. Madame Bianchi had whetted, not satisfied, its curiosity. The characters of the play were known and interesting ones. There was the strong and austere father, Edward Dickinson, the gentle attendant sister, Lavinia. Brother Austin, feared of little boys, robust and important, lived just down the street with his efficient and perhaps loquacious wife, the "Sister Sue" of the "Letters." There was Maggie the servant girl and in the distance, to be reached by letters, Thomas Wentworth Higginson of the lordly "Atlantic" that was a god and superstition in New England then as it is now. A small cast, you will say? Then you do not know the resources of biographers. There is the Mysterious Man—or must I say three of them? For there are Major Edward Hunt, Reverend Charles Wadsworth, and Reverend George Gould. The poems say there was a lover and one of these, for the purposes of our drama, must be the Dark Man of the poems.

In Louis Untermeyer's excellent new enlarged edition of his "Modern American Poetry" the case for Charles Wadsworth is accepted, with a footnote referring to Josephine Pollitt's recently published "Emily Dickinson: the Human Background of Her Poetry" as making a plausible but not convincing argument for Major Hunt. The scene is set for the entrance of George Gould in Genevieve Taggard's "The Life and Mind of Emily Dickinson."

Miss Taggard has simplified her task by the positiveness with which she rests her formula upon the hypothesis which serves as the cryptogram by which she reads the story anew. Edward Dickinson, the eminent statesman, is the jealous father of the most modern triangle with Emily and George

Gould, as a young Amherst student, completing the figure. The father, a repressed Puritan himself, could not bear any other gods before him in his household, but especially with his vivacious minded young Emily he fixed his image inviolate. When young George Gould told his love, the father, unconsciously jealous, forbade her marriage to an impecunious young clergyman without a parish. Emily vowed she would dress in white and live the life of a recluse. Later even her flowers aroused her father's jealousy. George Gould lacked the courage or the power to storm the fortress. Later still he married. Later still he died, a distinguished clergyman, declaring his life had been a failure. Bluntly stated, this is the thesis of the book. There are others who are there. In fact there were two "ghosts" in Emily's garden, we are told. One was another young Amherst student, dear to Emily but not beloved. Emily's words to Colonel Higginson are quoted: "When a little girl I had a friend who taught me Immortality; but venturing too near, himself, he never returned. Soon after my tutor died . . . Then I found one more, but he was not content I be his scholar, so he left the land."

The author rests her contention primarily upon three statements which she prints in her book signed "X," "Y," and "Z." The most important of these is a sworn statement giving George Gould as the forbidden lover upon authority of confidential stories received from Emily's sister, "Vinnie," her servant, Maggie, and a friend, Mrs. Davis, and stipulating that on no account must the name of the writer be used during lifetime. Miss Taggard has for the present at least the advantage of the last word. She builds up a plausible explanation of the whole life through a love story, but I cannot imagine any thoughtful reader closing the book with the feeling that this is the life of Emily Dickinson to which he must pin his faith, though he may easily be as ready to believe in George Gould as in any of the other "ghosts."

Read as one would read a novel, this new "Emily Dickinson" is an interesting book. It unfolds skillfully and with a captivating charm. The reader can forgive the positive presumption of fact where the assumption is obvious and the redundant re-use of the same material, for the sake of the pleasant ease and at times honest beauty with which the prose moves forward. It is less easy to overlook the self-consciousness of the structure and occasionally also of the style. In the first chapter a letter is dispatched by Emily Dickinson from Amherst to T. W. Higginson at Worcester. That chapter closes with the words: "It was about time for the first arbutus. About time. . . ." A Gilbert and Sullivan echo, "tra-la," reminds one that that kind of "fine" writing will be as distasteful to our sons as the fine writing of our fathers is to us. Over halfway through the biography Emily's letter with its four poems is received by Mr. Higginson and answered. We have waited with Emily a long time for that answer. "Time is not clocked in this story," the author reminds us and performs none the less the task of tracing the poet's ancestors from Yorkshire to Amherst and the poet's life to "the verge of the Civil War" —all "before Mr. Higginson opens the note." Are we such a childish generation that our chroniclers must sugar-rag us so?

There is a long chapter in which Miss Taggard compares Emily Dickinson to Thoreau because like him Miss Dickinson is regarded as a solitary. The chapter is a pleasant essay in itself but it breaks in upon the unity of the book and gives one the feeling that the author has gone somewhat far afield to add to the bulkiness of her work. A similar effect is produced by so great an insistence upon a parallelism between the relations of father and daughter with the Dickinsons and Mrs. Browning and Mr. Barrett. When the nature of the family in English speaking households of two generations ago is recalled and the dominating position of the head of the family in connection with all the women

of the group, it seems hardly necessary to call on the Freudian hypothesis to explain the many cases when fathers refused their daughters permission to marry for social reasons or any other. Emily's case was neither unique nor unusual. Social and economic explanations were often real and were based often upon the greater prominence then given to family as above personal considerations. Miss Taggard, it is true, does not in so many words represent Edward Dickinson as possessed of an Electra complex, but the implication is quite definite. By her own showing he was as dominating an influence in the life of his son Austin and when the father had died Austin himself by virtue of his control of the bank accounts left Emily and her sister no more chance for liberty of action than Edward had done. The facts remain the same whatever the explanation.

Miss Taggard has used the conventions of a cheap form of popular biography, but when concession has been made to these, it must be said that she has written in other respects a careful and honest book. She uses the poems with skill and insight as a part of what I have called her "cryptogram" to interpret the life and support her assumptions. She convinces one that Elizabeth, and not Norcross, was Emily Dickinson's middle name and shows in other such details evidences of painstaking effort to be accurate when matters of record are concerned.

No two books could be in sharper contrast than Miss Taggard's imaginative biography and MacGregor Jenkins' "Emily Dickinson, Friend and Neighbor." Mr. Jenkins was the son of Emily Dickinson's pastor and neighbor and to the boy and his play-mates Emily Dickinson was a friendly lady and even an older playmate. She would call the boy in to enjoy with her a beautiful moth at a time when she was inaccessible to social visitors. In his straightforward and unpretentious little book Mr. Jenkins gives the impressions of the sweet lady, human and playful, that he remembers from his boyhood; and the Emily Dickinson of

the myth, which has taken feature through the many books that have recently been written about her, pales into a somewhat theatrical apparition beside the reality of his picture. It is not likely that "Emily Dickinson, Friend and Neighbor" will have a wide appeal: it has no exciting theory to develop; it tells only a few simple incidents about her life and leaves out all the flowers of spring that "have nothing to do with the case"; it is merely the honest recalling of what Emily Dickinson was like to an observant and sensitive boy who knew her as a grown-up friend. As such a first-hand record, Mr. Jenkins' little book, when other temporarily more important and more entertaining books have passed with their theories, will always be among the few authentic books about an important American poet. It is only a glimpse of her we get but doesn't he seem to let the spirit of the woman out—

> . . . some gala day,
> With implements to fly away,
> Passing pomposity?

## ARMAGEDDON—TWELVE YEARS AFTER

By Lambert Davis

### I

IN THE past two years the literature of the World War has grown to such vast proportions, and has been the center of so bitter a controversy, that it has come to be considered a separate body of literature. The battles that have been waged over it, bound up as they have been

*Armageddon: The World War in Literature.* By Eugene Löhrke. New York: Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. $5.00. *Good-Bye to All That.* By Robert Graves. New York: Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. $3.00. *A Roumanian Diary.* By Hans Carossa. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50. *It's a Great War.* By Mary Lee. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.00. *As I Saw It.* By Alden Brooks. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $3.00. *Retreat.* By C. R. Benstead. New York: The Century Company. $2.50.

with individual conceptions of patriotism and pacifism, and the desire to forget that which is distasteful, have been as vehement as, if less bloody than those of the War itself. The final phase now seems to be setting in—that of satiety; and the predicition has already been made by those who point out coming literary fads that the war book will soon be outmoded. And although reminiscences of the War, and novels using it for a background, are still being published, and probably will continue to be published as long as there are people living who remember it vividly, it is true that we are not likely to witness again another panic like that of last year, which led to the uncritical production and consumption of war books that could be numbered in the hundreds. But whether we consider war books a temporary fad or a reasonably permanent fashion, there remain already these hundreds of volumes, to be judged as literature, as human testimony about an important event, and as products of some common reaction to the general enigma of war.

The problem of the actual value of war books, and the reasons for their having been written, seems to me to be bound up in the equally interesting problem of why they should have been demanded—and demanded in 1928 rather than in 1925 or 1921. In speaking of war literature I am using the term in the specialized sense that it has recently acquired. It refers, not to the official reports or the semi-official biographies and autobiographies of statesmen and generals, which have been regularly following the political or actual deaths of their heroes ever since the War; but to those diaries, narratives, and novels which have aimed to portray the War as it appeared to the ordinary individual involved in it. That there was a public taste for such literature can hardly be denied. Publishers' blurbs, the phenomenal success of some of the earliest published war books, or the mere desire for something new, may account in part for the intensity of the craving; but the craving itself existed before all the artificial stimulants of it. There has to be

some emotional background and motivation behind every mob.

Beyond the bare outline of the history of war literature—the war-time interest in the human side of the War, the strange dearth of war books between 1921 and 1927, and the subsequent revival of interest following "The Case of Sergeant Grischa"—we get a picture of a world too exhausted physically and emotionally to be greatly interested in the details of its calamity. In Europe it was the physical exhaustion of men and nations taxed beyond endurance; in America it was rather the nervous exhaustion that follows hysteria. Perhaps the lack of interest on the part of those at home was increased by the returned soldier's inability to find words in the face of a cheery "How was it?" followed immediately by a "Well, let's back to work." A good part of the turbulent social history of the 'twenties can be deduced from the profound cleavage of the generations that these phrases imply. At any rate, in Europe the necessity for physical rehabilitation, and in America the urge to cash in on her new position of world dominance, led to a shelving of this problem of the clash of generations for more pressing needs. Returned warriors adjusted themselves as best they could; if they were too adventurous or too unassimilable for peace times, they turned to commercial aviation or tampered with the moral code of their elders. For the most part, they kept their silence about the War. It was not until the late 'twenties that Europe considered itself stable enough, or America felt rich enough, to afford the luxury of glancing either to the future or the past. Given this breathing space, the world gazed romantically forward to a future of world peace, and romantically backward to the World War. It is not mere chance that the revival of interest in the War coincided with a new and romantic efflorescence of international good humor, as exemplified in the Kellogg Pact, the proposal of a United States of Europe, and, in America, a willingness to coöperate with, if not to

participate in, the League of Nations. Both tendencies are symptomatic of that stage of invalidism in which the patient can enjoy the details of his malady and at the same time looks forward hopefully to good health.

This desire for the details was backed up by a romantic inquisitiveness on the part of the post-War generation, which had grown up to feel that it had just missed "the big show," to know more of the race of giants that had preceded it. At all events, the War generation had found its audience, after seven years of comparitive silence. The genesis of the majority of war books was this realization, signalized most emphatically by the success of "All Quiet on the Western Front," that the long pent-up emotions of the post-War days could be safely expressed to a public remote enough from the actuality of the War to be not only tolerant but inquisitive. The force of their emotions gained impetus with each expression of them, as it does in any mob, and the natural argumentativeness of mankind made each person wish to voice the uniqueness of his own reactions to the War. Many wrote from the simple desire to confess and explain. Many others wrote to relieve themselves of the accumulated venom of post-War disillusionment. Still others wrote from the honest if mistaken notion that a horrible picture of war might promote the cause of peace. Finally, there were undoubtedly some who were prompted to write by the desire to gather in the publishers' scraps that fell from the table set for Messrs. Zweig and Remarque. Such literary hangers-on are always lurking about, and the War provided the necessary first-hand literary material for thousands of potential hacks. But I am convinced that, for the most part, war literature is the product of earnest, if not always wise or gifted men. Predominantly, it is an attempt to state a case that the world was too busy to sit upon ten years ago. If the case has been distorted during the passage of time, that is what might be expected to result from a delayed hearing.

It is natural that the public should be satiated with the voluminousness of this testimony, but along with the satiation there have arisen misconceptions about war books as a whole that should be corrected. The commonest criticisms are that they are monotonously the same, that they are uniformly poor as literature, and that they exaggerate the horror and discredit the motives and leadership of the War. The absurdity of the first charge would be apparent to anyone who took the trouble to contrast the calm and mystical introspection of Carossa's "A Roumanian Diary" with the bare objectivity of Scanlon's "God Have Mercy Upon Us," or the distinctive humor in such books as Hasek's "The Good Soldier: Schweik" or the anonymous "Schlump" with the nerve-racking seriousness of Remarque's book. Another, and easier, way to gain some idea of the richness and variety of war literature would be to glance at Eugene Löhrke's ably edited anthology of war literature, "Armageddon," which incorporates extracts from some sixty writers on the War. Not only does it provide a kaleidoscopic variety of backgrounds, but almost every conceivable shade of emotional reaction and nearly every angle of intellectual approach. Except for those contemplative perspectives that time alone can give, war literature already furnishes as many moods and attitudes as any other section of literature.

The question of the quality of war literature as a whole is more difficult to decide, partly because we are too close to it to render final judgments, and partly because any judgment of books relating to so important an event must bear in mind history as well as literature. Of some forty or fifty war books of last year's publication that I have read (and my selection has been haphazard enough to make this a representative group), I could pick out eight or ten that appear to me to be, not masterpieces, but works of sound literary craftsmanship, of utter integrity, and of genuine interest as expressions of the human soul. Of the remain-

der, a fair portion stand out, either for the facts they convey or the attitudes they express, as books of value to anyone interested in the human side of the conflict of 1914-18. This is far from being a condemnation of war literature. If any reader had the temerity and stamina to read forty books picked at random from a general list of book announcements, I do not believe the proportion of worthwhile books would be much larger.

There remains at last the most difficult problem of all—the question of the final value of war books as human testimony. The difficulty here is that we have no standard with which to measure the ultimate "truth" about the War. When we read these war books of the late 'twenties it is easy enough to see that they have been shaped as much by the disillusionment of the post-War decade as by the War itself. Their horror and brutality is horror and brutality remembered and exaggerated in the bitterness of a disappointing peace. Their emphasis on the stupidity of the War is an emphasis that has grown greater as each year has shown more clearly how far short of its declared purpose the War has fallen. Their obsession with the discreditable features of the War is the product of long pondering on the apparent uselessness of their exposure to these discreditable tendencies. In short, theirs is a version of the War which could not have been written in 1918 or even 1920—a version biased by the conviction that the War bought no advantages worth the cost. . . . But if the emotional accretions of the 'twenties have colored men's memories of the 'teens, that coloring is no more intense than that which the War itself gave to its passing events. If it can be said that the War books of 1927-30 exaggerate the horror of trench warfare and the inefficiency of its leadership, it can also be said that war correspondents' stories and official reports exaggerate the enthusiasm of the troops and the omniscience of generals. And yet they too are part of the "truth." The version of the War given by writers today may be considered

the story of a wild party as told by a man with a hang-over; but the hang-over version of 1930 is no less necessary for the full truth than the intoxicated version of 1918 or the thoroughly judicious but dimly recollected version of, say, 1950. It too is one of the many truths about the War, and the historian of our times cannot afford to neglect it when he seeks the elusive "reality" of the World War.

## II

In the majority of war books that have so far been written, the War appears in microcosm, as a succession of highly personal sensations and impressions. Whatever motives made men go to war (and all but a fraction were in effect conscripts), whatever their notions may have been that they were participating in an event of world-wide scope and significance, the need of self-preservation, the extreme complication of the war machine, and the terrific demands War made upon their inner resources, quickly inhibited any but the most limited outlook. Even statesmen and generals frequently saw only that which lay directly before their noses. To those who did not participate, this narrowness of vision is one of the most surprising characteristics of war books, even those written years after the event. In a book like "All Quiet on the Western Front," this turning inward to oneself (not necessarily to the *inner* self) is carried to such a point that to many sensitive people it becomes unbearable.

Robert Graves' "Good-Bye to All That" gives one of the most convincing pictures of the War in microcosm that has yet been written. This is not only because Mr. Graves knows how to write and writes with a sincerity that at times becomes fierce, but also because his autobiography has a further virtue which most war books lack—that of completeness. He sees the first thirty years of his life as a unit, and he spends as much care on the story of his boyhood in pre-War England and his manhood in post-War England

as he does on the life-shaping period of the War. As the title suggests, every word in his book forces home the point: Here is the story of a life that is complete in itself, regardless of what may happen to this particular man at any future time; a life into which the War entered before it could hardly be called a life, and which ended forever when the War and its aftermath were over. A sense of the unretraceable fatality of war as it shapes the individual life gives this book a poignant and somber power.

The author of "Good-Bye to All That" does not look with pleasure on the life of his hero. The public school system of pre-War England stifled the poet in him, the War wrecked his body and shattered his nerves, and post-War England offered so little that he had to go to Egypt to earn his bread. Mr. Graves must have realized that the tale verged on the pitiful, and sought earnestly to escape it, for he almost bends over backward in his effort to avoid an appeal to sentiment. Although he is engaged in the most personal kind of writing, he strips his narrative to a bare record of events, seldom gives us a glimpse of any inner life, and voices his comments with a mordant restraint. And the curious result of this reticence is that what might have been merely a pathetic tale becomes a story that has in it the elements of universal tragedy. In the terse narrative of the life of Robert Graves we see symbolized the lives of a generation of aspiring young men grown old and broken in performing a task which they cannot understand but which they must complete.

Hans Carossa's "A Roumanian Diary" is as incomplete from a chronological point of view as Graves' book is complete, but it has a completeness of spiritual revelation that makes it an even more fully consummated creation. It is the journal of a middle-aged German medical officer, and it covers only about two and a half months of the period in which his unit was withdrawn from France to carry on the winter campaign that overwhelmed Roumania. Its author

is a man of keen and accurate perceptions and of extraordinary power at description, and he was in an excellent position to observe this spectacular campaign, which was wilder and in some respects more full of hardships than the battles in France. And yet there is no more striking example of the turning inward characteristic of war books than can be found in "A Roumanian Diary." But Carossa has the true inwardness of the mystic rather than the personal preoccupation of the mere egotist; his is one of the few spiritual records that have come out of the War. His descriptions of warfare in the snow-bound Transylvanian mountains are among the most striking in war literature, and are all the more remarkable for having been written in the confusion of an ever-changing battle front; but the emphasis throughout this fascinating book is on the man's inner struggle to preserve his spiritual integrity.

Some writers have sensed the limitations imposed by the microcosmic point of view in describing so vast and complicated a structure as the War, and have tried to achieve panoramic effects. None of these efforts has been completely successful, but Mary Lee's "It's a Great War" and Alden Brooks' "As I Saw It" are examples of the panoramic treatment at its best. Miss Lee has chosen the fictional form for her book, but it is permissible to assume that the experiences of her heroine are based largely on her own. "It's a Great War" is a novel only in the broad sense in which the word is applied nowadays: it is really a succession of episodes loosely woven around the life of an individual, beginning with a childhood ten years before the War and ending in 1920. Through the eyes of this woman, who was a secretary in hospitals and military bureaus and later a canteen worker behind the lines, we see the working of the vast machinery that was necessary to carry on the War. We see it, though, not in neat outlines as it appears in military blueprints, but as an intricate pattern of human desires and disappointments. In and out of the focus of this book passes the whole array of those whom the War involved, from

soldiers going to the front and wounded returning, to staff captains, clerks, refugees, and Y. M. C. A. men,— and each adds its element of comedy or tragedy to the picture. Miss Lee's book is an extremely long one, but it moves with cumulative speed as episode follows episode, and it holds the unflagging interest of the reader to the end.

As an officer in the French heavy artillery and later a liaison officer between French and American artillery units, Alden Brooks had an excellent vantage point for observing the War in its final year. "As I Saw It" is the result of his observations and it is outstanding both as a picture, in bird's-eye view, of the warfare of 1918, and as an intelligent layman's criticism of the military conduct of the War. He is not concerned with individual emotions or the ethics of war, but primarily with the inordinate inefficiency of the war machine. His book presents many points of argument for amateur and professional tacticians, but his general charge—that the War produced no tactical leadership which could master its complexities—is one that will be admitted, I think, by all but the most conservative. But Mr. Brooks is not solely concerned with animadversion. His descriptions of individual battles such as the March retreat and the battle of the Marne have the pictorial vividness of well-executed paintings, and he writes always with a clarity and an abiding sense of humor that make his book delightful reading even when he is dealing with the more technical phases of his work.

C. R. Benstead, in "Retreat," has attempted a compromise between the panoramic and the introspective. Like Mary Lee, he uses the novel form, but "Retreat," unlike "It's a Great War," is a novel in the strictly traditional manner. For his background, Mr. Benstead uses the March retreat of 1918, and his story recounts the spiritual disintegration of an idealistic chaplain under the stress of that débacle. Mr. Benstead chooses extreme conditions: his chaplain is a religious bigot and a moral prig, and he arrives at his first post on the very eve of the retreat; but if these

not impossible conditions are allowed, the story follows with an impressive fatality. Against the spectacular background of an entire army in retreat, we watch the progressive steps in the breakdown of Chaplain Warne, beginning with his realization that his priestly services are useless in such a disaster and ending with his spiritual and, later, his physical death. Mr. Benstead's talents are in the best tradition of the English novel; his story moves forward with complete assurance, his descriptive passages are vivid but never wordy, and his characters stand out in full-rounded reality.

"Armageddon" is a synthetic attempt to overcome the limitations of the individual war book. By selecting extracts from a large number of writers, Mr. Löhrke gives us a variety of backgrounds and an intricate pattern of microcosmic pictures of the War; and he arranges his selections in a manner to emphasize the larger dramatic movement of the War which was not apparent to the individuals who were involved in its machinery. Within the limitations of any collective work, "Armageddon" is successful. It has less than the usual scrappiness of the average anthology, for most war books are episodic in construction and lend themselves easily to the anthologist. And "Armageddon" does give the reader an idea of the world-wide scope of the War's activities and a sense of its organic rythm.

So far there has been no Tolstoi or Hardy to give us a complete picture of the World War as a drama involving both men and nations. Such a perspective will come with time, though there is no reason to assume that there will necessarily be a great creative artist on the spot to use that perspective for another "War and Peace." And so, until that problematical date, we shall have to content ourselves with anthologies like Mr. Löhrke's, or with such books as the five I have discussed; though they lack the God-like lucidity with which our descendants may write about the War, they are full of the human passion that has moulded our generation.

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(Dial. $2.00) was an unusual collection of Southern mountaineer short stories, is also on the list for a first novel, "Some Trust in Chariots" (Dial. $2.00). And, of course, there is "Between Dawn and Sunrise" (MacBride $3.00), a selection from the writings of *James Branch Cabell. John Macy* is the selector. *Cabell* is also on the list with a limited edition of his essays on contemporary writers, "Some of Us: An Essay in Epitaphs" (MacBride. $7.50). Finally, the list of forthcoming books by Southerners would not be complete without mention of *DuBose Heyward's* play, "Brass Ankle" (Farrar & Rinehart. $2.00), and *Lizette Woodworth Reese's* new volume of poetry, "White April" (Farrar & Rinehart. $1.50).

Of the coming biographies, *Carl Van Doren's* "Swift" (Viking. $3.00) will certainly be one of the important literary events of the season. This will be *Van Doren's* first long book in several years, and he has a subject worthy of his talents. Already there are several good biographies in the literary field. I found *John Palmer's* "Molière" (Brewer & Warren. $5.00) an extremely lively re-creation of Molière's checkered life. *E. M. W. Tillyard's* "Milton" (Dial. $5.00) is more obviously a work of scholarship, but it cannot fail to be of interest to any lover of "Paradise Lost." *Frank Harris's* famous "Oscar Wilde" (Covici-Friede. $3.75) is also here again, this time with prefaced Confession by *Lord Alfred Douglas. Stephen Potter's* "D. H. Lawrence" (Cape & Smith. $2.50) is modestly subtitled "A First Study." It is provocative rather than convincing or complete, but at any rate it is the first of an inevitable line of books that will attempt to interpret the paradoxical personality of D. H. Lawrence. . . . Two definitive biographies of great musical figures are *Richard Specht's* "Johannes Brahms" (Dutton. $6.00) and *Richard Count du Moulin-Eckart's* "Cosima Wagner" (Knopf. 2 vol. $10.00); both are translated from the German. *Hendrik*

# A Selected List of Books for Early Autumn

## GENTLEMEN ALL

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## ENGLAND UNDER QUEEN ANNE: Blenheim

*By George Macaulay Trevelyan.* History written with color, excitement and literary power mark this book, from the pen of England's greatest living historian, as one of the events of the Autumn. A dramatic picture of England from the beginning of the 18th century to the Battle of Blenheim. $7.50

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*Van Loon* appears on the list with the cryptic-sounding "R. v. R." (Liveright. $5.00), which is his way of making a biography of Rembrandt sound like a futuristic play.

The War between the States certainly produced no two figures more romantic than Jeb Stuart and General Forrest. And it would be hard to think of two men better able to do the lives of these two cavalrymen than *John Thomason* of "Fix Bayonets!" fame and *Captain E. W. Sheppard,* of the Tanks. The "Jeb Stuart" (Scribners. $5.00) is one of the most exciting biographies I have read in a great while; I haven't yet seen the "Life of General Forrest" (Dial. $5.00) but I'm willing to bet on it. . . . Southern figures continue to exert their usual fascination for biographers: in addition to *Elisabeth Cutting's* "Jefferson Davis: Political Soldier" (Dodd, Mead. $5.00), which is reviewed in this issue, there is "High Stakes and Hair Trigger" (Holt. $3.50), a life of Davis by *Robert W. Winston,* whose life of Andrew Johnson was a memorable book of several years ago. *Nancy Byrd Turner's* "The Mother of Washington" (Dodd, Mead. $3.50) should also be included in the list of Southern portraits. . . . The "New Letters and Papers of Lincoln" (Houghton, Mifflin. $5.00), compiled by *Paul M. Angle,* seem to indicate that the heretofore inexhaustible spring of Lincolniana is running dry. They consist mostly of short notes about political appointments and such matters. While interesting to the historian they hardly prove anything more than that Abe was a political realist. "Taft and Roosevelt: The Intimate Letters of Archie Butt" (Doubleday, Doran. $7.50) promises to be a more revealing set, since they were withheld from publication until after Mr. Taft's death. America, past and present, as reflected in the changing genius of the Adams family, is the theme of *James Truslow Adams'* "The Adams Family" (Little, Brown. $4.00), a book you should by all means read if you want to know what American greatness means.

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The War continues to be a center of attention, though interest seems to be turning from personal narratives to more objective studies of the War and its origins. *Captain B. H. Liddell Hart's* "The Real War: 1914-1918" (Little, Brown. $4.00) is the best short history of the War that I have read or heard of, and comes from the pen of a recognized military historian. *Bernadotte Schmidt's* "The Coming of the War: 1914" (Scribners. 2 vol. $10.00) is already hailed as a work of major importance; with it should go *Sidney B. Fay's* "The Origins of the World War," which is now re-issued in a one-volume edition (Macmillan. $5.00). *Brigadier-General F. P. Crozier's* "A Brass Hat in No Man's Land" (Cape & Smith. $2.50) is the intimate story of a general's experience in the War, and *Sir Phillip Gibbs's* "Since Then" (Harper. $3.75) continues the line of his earlier revelations about the War and its resulting peace. Incidentally, if you've had your fill of the horrors of the usual war book, try *Bernard Newman's* "The Cavalry Goes Through" (Holt. $2.50), the story of the War as it might have been: it has been properly described as being "as short and thrilling as the War was long and dull."

Two books I'm particularly eager to get at are *Mark Sullivan's* "Our Times: Pre-War America" (Scribners. $5.00), which makes the third in his "Our Times" series, and *Norman Douglas'* "Good Bye to Western Culture" (Harper. $3.00). Coming from the author of "South Wind," that sounds as though it might be a violent book. If you are still following the humanist argument, *Norman Foerster's* "Towards Standards" (Farrar & Rinehart. $2.50) will be a book that you will want to get. Another revolt against modern tendencies is crystallized in "I'll Take My Stand" (Harper. $3.00), by *Eleven Southerners;* it is a plea for the return to the agricultural economy of the Old South. *John Crowe Ransome,* who is one of the eleven, is also author of "God Without Thunder" (Harcourt. $3.50): I haven't seen it yet, but it sounds argumentative.



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Two books that dig into the romantic American past are *Elizabeth Page's* "Wagons West. A Story of the Oregon Trail" (Farrar & Rinehart. $5.00) and *R. L. Duffus'* "The Santa Fe Trail" (Longmans. $5.00). *Maurice Dekobra's* "The Perfumed Tigers" (Brewer & Warren. $3.50) and *Agnes Rothery's* "South America" (Houghton Mifflin. $4.00) explore the more modern romance of travel in India and South America. *Constance Bridges'* "Thin Air" (Brewer & Warren. $3.50) is another travel book that is different; it includes a murder mystery in the Himalayan Mountains. A unique community closer to home is described in *T. J. Woofter's* "Black Yeomanry" (Holt. $3.00), which deals charmingly with the social arrangements of the Negro population of one of the "sea islands" of South Carolina. . . . *Leo Markun's* "Mrs. Grundy" (Appleton. $5.00) is a good book to dip into from time to time, particularly if the reformers get on your nerves. It's a story of the life of that famous lady during four centuries of English and American history, and it ought to prove that reformers have been with us as long as taxes, or even longer. For your quieter and more reflective moments I can recommend two books: "The Tender Realist," by *L. Wardlaw Miles* (Holt. $2.00), and "In Defense of Magic," by *Catherine Cook Smith* (Dial. $2.50). *Miles* discusses delightfully a variety of subjects, from war to sleep, and *Miss Smith* puts up a valiant defense of magic as an emotional necessity to human beings. . . . As parting advice, if you want sparkling entertainment at the expense of American *mores* and American writers, look out for *Peter Arno's* "Pomp and Circumstance" (Liveright. $3.00) and "The John Riddell Murder Case" (Scribners. $2.00), whose author is now revealed as *Corey Ford.* All the famous sleuths of detective fiction are to be called in to solve the mystery of the death of old Riddell, who died of ennui!

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